



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

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THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly, national in scope, is edited and published with episcopal approbation.

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The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year \$5.00 for two years. Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

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Mother Love

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

I press and kiss your hands, my Mother,
Whose each dear finger causes me to sigh
Scarred from the thorns that you have plucked
From out each rose you gave to passer-by.
Back after all these years I come and bring
Myself,—an outcast and an abject thing.

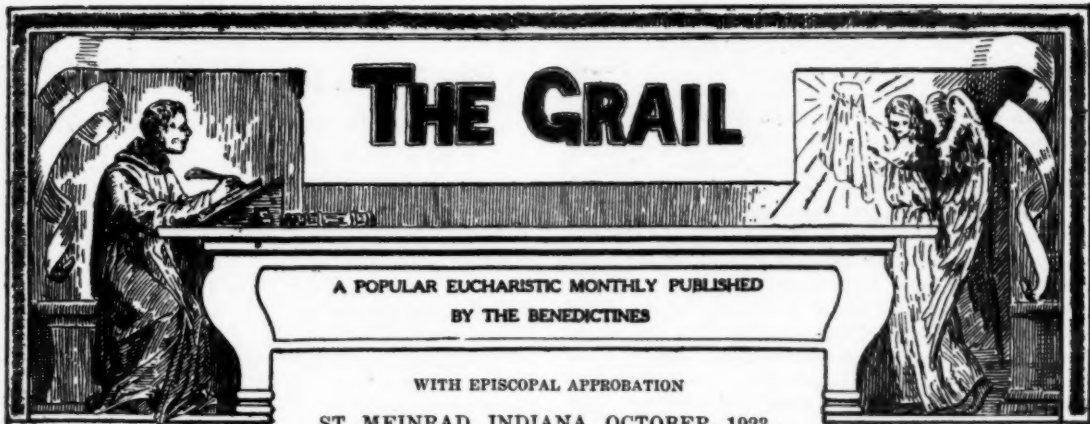
I press and kiss your lips, my Mother,
Those gates of lovely thought and sweetest song
From whence unkindness never issued forth,
Whose cheery smile made darkness seem less long.
Back after all these years I come and bring
No song, no smile, but me, an abject thing.

I press and kiss your feet, my Mother,
Feet that have trod the path of weary Time,
Happy and eager at their legion tasks
Of thankless years for me, and now for mine,
Back after all these years, I come and bring
Myself with lagging step, an abject thing.

I press and kiss your eyes, my Mother,
Eyes lighted with content and Mother-love,
Whose lids so often closed in prayer, but now—
Alight with a forgiveness from above.
No longer at your feet an abject thing,
But at your side erect I stand, a King!

When we leave the circle of our daily friends
or part with chance companions, does every
lip instinctively murmur: "You too were with
Jesus of Nazareth"?—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

As life imparts life to the food that we take
and changes it into itself, so the Holy Eucha-
rist, the Life, imparts eternal life to those who
receive it.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

God Wills it

The Savior's cry on the cross, "I thirst," was, as interpreters explain, an expression of His great desire for the salvation of immortal souls rather than for a drink to allay the thirst that parched His throat. This cry has been heard even to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is now being caught up and echoed from pole to pole, wafted from mountain top to mountain top, and resounds in lowly vales.

The spirit of the mission—the thirst for souls—is abroad endeavoring to gather an army of helpers. It tugs at the hearts of the young and bids them enrol beneath its banner; it pulls at the heartstrings of the mature to ask them for support in earnest prayer as well as for means to carry on the glorious work of the Redeemer. What a privilege, for those who cannot be actively engaged in the missions, to assist in this meritorious work by prayer and alms. In so doing they make to themselves friends of the mammon of iniquity and lay up treasures in heaven where the rust doth not corrode nor the moth consume.

It is not the purpose of this present article to appeal for alms to help carry on mission work—although it is a most worthy cause, but to call the attention of our readers to the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom, which is a Eucharistic mission activity. The grand object of the League is threefold: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world, (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholics, (3) the conversion of all non-Christians, who form the greater part of mankind. All that the League asks of you is to make a short offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the entire world, also to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion occasionally for this threefold intention. No money is required: no fees, no dues.

Despite the bitter passion and death of our Savior, who died for the salvation of each individual of every race and tribe and color, by far the greater part of men are still in the darkness of ignorance with respect

to the true religion. In China alone, according to recent statistics, there are only a few over two million Catholics out of a population of more than four hundred millions. Of this immense number the vast majority are still pagans. Frequent recourse to the Holy Eucharist—by attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion—will surely draw down the blessing of heaven not only on those who perform these pious practices but also upon the labors and the hardships of the missionaries at home and abroad. In our zeal for the missions we must not overlook our Indians and Negroes. Through prayer and almsgiving we can all become missionaries. "God wills it."

Those who are interested in the International Eucharistic League, which is not to be confounded with the Eucharistic League conducted by the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament at New York, should apply for membership to Reverend Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

What Does October Mean to You?

According to the Julian Calendar October, as its name signifies, was the eighth month of the year; according to our reckoning it is the tenth month.

In our northern states October paints the woods with golden, scarlet, and purple leaves. It is the season in which the husbandman has stored away the fruits of his labors for the winter's use. His barns are filled with wheat and corn and hay—food for man and beast. These are for the health and comfort of the body. But the soul, the nobler part of man, was not made for earthly pleasures and delights alone. Heaven with the everlasting possession of God is its goal. The food of the soul is spiritual—prayer and the sacraments.

To the devout Catholic October means more than merely a season for rejoicing over a plentiful harvest, it is the month of the most holy Rosary. Throughout the world the Church celebrates this month with solemnity—daily exposition of the Blessed Sacrament,

the recitation of the Rosary, the prayer to St. Joseph, and Benediction.—The Rosary is a wonderful prayer, a divine prayer, yet a most simple prayer. Where the custom obtains, and it is the most common practice, this prayer is prefaced with the Apostles' Creed, in which we profess belief in the teachings of the Church. Then follows in numerous repetitions the Our Father—the prayer taught by our Lord Himself—and the Hail Mary, the words of the message brought by the Angel Gabriel at the time of the Annunciation. To this the Church adds the Holy Mary, a petition for the assistance of Our Blessed Mother during life and at the moment of death. Each decade is closed with the Glory be to the Father, a prayer of praise to the Most Holy Trinity.—The Rosary is a wonderful treasure which should be held in the highest esteem by every child of the Church. It is in reality a compendium of the life of Christ and is often aptly called the layman's breviary.

For another reason, too, October is dear to Catholics, for it is the month dedicated to the holy Guardian Angels, the ministering spirits of God to whose care we are committed. "He hath given His Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."—Ps. 90:11,12. In the Scriptures the angels and the good offices they performed for men are frequently mentioned. The Archangel Raphael, for instance, accompanied the younger Tobias on a long journey and brought him back safe again; Michael appears especially as leader of the heavenly hosts against the devil and the other fallen angels; Gabriel was sent of God to announce to Mary that she had been chosen to be the Mother of the promised Redeemer.—That there are angels and that they are placed over men to minister to them is an article of faith. Were there no other reference in the Sacred Scriptures to angels, the words of the Savior would suffice when He utters the warning: "See that you despise not one of these little ones: for I say to you, that their Angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven."—Matth. 18:10.—Many of the saints, as their biographies attest, have been favored with the visible presence of their Guardian Angel. Among these privileged souls was St. Frances of Rome who often saw her Guardian Angel and conversed with him.—We should be grateful to Almighty God for favoring us with a Guardian Angel who is always at our side. We should have great reverence for this blessed spirit and endeavor by a good life to make ourselves worthy of his presence, to listen to his holy inspirations, and not to offend him by yielding to evil.

Faith

NANCY BUCKLEY

God's promise speaks from every opening flower,
And Hope wings upward with the soaring lark,
A living faith illumines every hour
As shining steadfast stars light up the dark.

Pilgrims to Rome and Heaven

A Second Century Poem in Five Songs

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

Song the Second: Marcus Aurelius Pontifex

"Lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebrae eam non comprehenderunt."—John 1:5.

Favonian breezes o'er the Seven Hills
Blithely disported, as mid-April days
Waxed warmer, each on each, to persuade
Frail blooms to open wide their calices.
On such a morn down the Patrician Way—
Coursing of yore along the central vale
'Twixt Cispan and Viminilian heights—
A motley crowd, half gay, half earnest, pressed
Towards the great ampitheatre Flavian
Where the same day upon an altar reared
Before the Sun-god's statue sacrifice
Marcus Aurelius Pontiff Maximus
Would offer that the dreaded pestilence,
Borne from the East by soldiery, 'twas said,
Might by reversal of the gods, decrees
Surcease or e'er his peoples' mirth and weal
Were sicklied o'er with universal woe.
Already Lucius Verus, skilled in war,
And raised by Marcus equal on his throne,
The fell disease had hurried to the shades.
Anon the crowd swayed and with confused clamour
Before the lusty lictors' swift advance
Parted this way and that, and trimmed their togas
To greet with honours due Imperial Mark.
Then mid the clink of arms three centuries
Of Guards Pretorian, and at the close
Rode Rusticus, dread prefect, evil-eyed,
Him from a Roman beggar's lot—all zeal
For bread and Circus sports—guile had upraised
Unto such eminence, provinces hard taxed
Furbished the glittering breastplate and the quest
Of Mark Aurelius to be holden clement
And plentiful in largesse, did the rest.
There followed, two by two, in garments white
Ten little boys—Camilli—bearing each
A silver censer; augurs, priests—and last
In state imperial, litter-borne, amid
His councillors the wisest and best loved
Marcus himself appeared,—his countenance
Comely beyond his peers. Lo! nothing here
Of the stern Julian eagle-look; nought here
Of crafty cruel smile about the lip,
Nor thick-set Flavian jaw, but ringlets here
Crowning an oval countenance so mild
In regular perfection that alone
The pointed beard forefended lest its fashion
For feminine be took. Musing indeed,
Had cast Minervan depth about his eyes—
Lights of that single soul where keenest thought
Was noblest wed with Roman honesty.
"Lucius," he pondered, "if so he hath lit

Upon another world, gods will he find
 Enough to ease his lot;—if gone to nought
 Why, then his pains are o'er. Ours still to pray."
 Then uttered with due care the ritual spells
 Lest omen dire should mar the sacrifice.
 Still prayed he, when the greetings reverent
 Of nobles, people, wavered and then died
 As tumult, oaths, and iterated cries
 Broke on his ear. Halted the bearers pale,
 While from before a dwelling nigh the Baths
 Of Timothy, Novatus, brethren,—lo!
 A man rough-bearded and uncouthly cloaked,
 Yet eloquent in gesture: "Treason!" cried.
 "Treason, great Prefect, treason, Mark divine!
 How long will jeopardize our world-wide State?
 Rome at her very breast such serpents bears—
 Headless—as may, in an envenomed hour,
 Lay us all stark. Despite ye not my garb
 For in Athenian lore well could I vie
 With the sagacious band about our Lord.
 Did I Crescens, true Cynic, care to brag.
 Yet hark ye—as this day I sped—in thought
 Deep pondering how the crowd could joy to feed
 On tricked-up atoms thrice or more per day;
 By yonder dwelling passing, lo! quaint song
 Greeted mine ear, and when I deigned to yield
 A moment's intent to the mummery,
 Such words as "Liberator," "Saving Lord
 From the dark world-wide powers" shocked my soul,
 That daily grovels at the majesty
 Of God-like Caesar.—He of late decreed
 Torture and death to priests of Serapis,
 Spurning our gods in far Pelusium.
 And lo! here Christians, of all Eastern sects
 Most honoured of Aurelius' counsellors;
 Mocking our every rite; wherefore the gods
 Irrate with pestilence aggrieve the world."
 "Right well he speaketh," quoth Alexander
 Most honoured of Aurelius' counsellors;
 "In Paphlagonia, where true mystic arts
 By my great lore were heightened, their foul ways
 We groan to find all-spreading. Shred of truth
 None hath e'er lodged in the forged compass of
 Their tenets."

"Say you so?" made answer Mark,
 "Truth is my business, and if proven wrong,
 Gladly should I reform what thing's amiss.
 Truth hurteth none, 'tis ignorance doth blight
 And error cherished smothers Nature's light."
 "They blight!" cried Alexander, eyes ablaze,
 "Mark well that word imperial, and bestir,
 Romans! What say our Christian-curbing laws?
 If but accused, they forfeit goods and life!"
 He said, and loudly howled the populace.
 The Prefect gave command, and lictors strong
 Battered the door to earth;—then might you see,
 As on storm-riven dove-cote falcons swoop—
 The men beweped each his victim seize:
 Or youth or maiden, or the stalwart build
 Of men long hardened in the arts of war,

Idly surrend'ring to the myrmidons.
 Anon a lictor with none other prize
 Than sundry scrolls sped to the Prefect's side,
 His eyes aglow with prospect of reward,
 "Behold," cried he, "two strangers from afar—
 As cloaks and footgear worn well signify—
 Found we within, and these the messages
 They brought, no doubt, for on the table spread,
 The foolish crew examining we spied.
 "Gold shall be thine, Balbus," the prefect swore,
 "By Hercules! from Athens, Sparta, Crete
 And Corinth be these scripts.—I marvel how
 Folks of such simple bearing thus commune
 With all the turbulent springs of revolt
 That mar our Empire.—To the dungeons hence
 And see they all be singly racked, if so
 The purpose dark of this conspiracy,
 With toils so wide-cast, by defeat be met.
 No dalliance now!"—The people howled and cheered
 Till Marcus, with unruffled countenance
 Leaning from litter, was beheld by all,
 Wearing a gold crown delicately wrought,
 Half-hid by the white priestly stole, gold-brimmed,
 Whose loose folds fell athwart his shoulders broad.
 And 'neath the right arm curved up to a clasp.
 To Alexander spake he, who forthwith
 To Rusticus the ringing order gave:
 "Let heralds tell the plebs with trumpet call,
 No omen else, for our great sacrifice
 Were so auspicious,—all the foes of Rome
 Thus will her might avail to pulverize!"
 Glad rang the people's voices and the train
 Of warriors, censer-bearers, augurs, priests
 Led on the way before the Emperor
 Hard by the Baths of Titus to the spot
 Where—all hearts now secure and comforted—
 The gods immortal to benignity
 The noblest rites would move unfaithfully.

(To be continued)

Ask from Mary the graces that prepare for the Eu-
 charist, the graces that flow from it.—Pere Tesniere.

Despair

ELIZABETH R. HAMILTON

Joy and mirth from my heart had fled;
 Hope, within my soul, lay dead;
 Despair claimed me for its very own—
 The weary way I wandered alone.

As soft as the fall of a blossom in spring,
 As sweet as the lilt the lark may sing,
 Out of the space a Voice whispered low—
 "I am with you, My Child, wherever you go."

The dark clouds parted—in a rift of gold
 A vision of the Shepherd who loves his fold—
 "Be not discouraged, I hear your prayer,
 For I, too, have carried the cross of despair.

How Dominic Saved the Train

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

“What indulgence did you put on my rosary, Father?”

“The ABCD indulgences.”

“What’s that?”

“The Apostolic, the Brigittine, the Crozier, and the Dominican.”

“What are these indulgences and what do I gain by them?”

“Rather one question at a time. The Apostolic or Papal indulgence is the indulgence with which the Pope enriches whatever he or his delegate blesses. At the beginning of each pontificate the Holy Father announces what these indulgences are. Our present Holy Father, Pius XI, on Feb. 7, 1922, granted in virtue of this blessing an indulgence of 500 days for every recitation of at least a third part of the whole rosary. Moreover, whoever recites the third part, five decades or more, at least once a week, may on the usual conditions gain a plenary indulgence on the principal feasts including those even of the Apostles. There are numerous other minor indulgences of which you become partaker by using these beads and performing certain good works in addition.

“The Brigittine indulgence receives its name from St. Bridget of Sweden who died in 1373. The Rosary invented by her consists properly of six decades with three additional Hail Marys corresponding to the sixty-three years of the Blessed Virgin’s life. However, the ordinary beads of five decades may receive the Brigittine blessing. For each Our Father, for each Hail Mary, and for each Apostles’ Creed an indulgence of 100 days is granted. All who say the entire rosary may gain an indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines. Here, too, other indulgences, both partial and plenary, are in store for those who have these beads about them and fulfill certain other conditions.

“The Crozier indulgence, that is, an indulgence of 500 days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary may be gained if recited on beads that possess this Crozier blessing. Pope Leo X in 1516 first granted the power of this particular blessing to the Crozier Fathers or Canons Regular of the Holy Cross, founded in Liege, Belgium, in 1211. This indulgence may be applied also to the suffering souls in Purgatory.

“The Dominican indulgence is the indulgence applied to the ordinary rosary which according to tradition has St. Dominic if not for its founder at least for its chief promoter in himself and in his order. The principal indulgences

are the following: 100 days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary, if the whole or third part of the Rosary is recited; a plenary indulgence on any day once a year, if the rosary in its entirety or a third part of it is said daily. For this indulgence a reflection on the respective mysteries, if possible, is required, whilst no meditation is prescribed for the gaining of the first three indulgences explained above.

“It is to be noted also that both the Crozier and the Dominican indulgences are shared at each single recitation, provided the beads bear both blessings. Then, too, we are not to forget that even without a blessed rosary an indulgence of five years and five quarantines is granted us as often as we pray a third part.”

“Well, Father, I didn’t know I could gain so much by telling my beads. I shall try all the more now to retire to some secluded corner and there give much of my time to them.”

“That is very praiseworthy. Our Lord says: ‘When thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret.’ But now during October we are admonished to say our rosary, if possible, at the so-called October devotions.”

“Father, when I was a young girl we did not have these devotions.”

“Of course, I know that you can look back over a great many years. It was in 1883 that Pope Leo XIII, who is rightly called the ‘Rosary Pope,’ in view of the evils of the day wished that during October of the current year at least a third part of the rosary be said together with the litany of the Blessed Virgin. If possible, this was to be done at Mass or during exposition with the Blessed Sacrament. In 1884 he expressed the same desire for October of that year and in 1885 he established the rosary month to be continued until peace and liberty should be restored to the Church. Thus the devotion still continues today.”

“Why did you call Pope Leo the ‘Rosary Pope?’”

“He deserves this title because during his administration sixteen or more encyclicals, decrees, and other documents were issued on the Holy Rosary.”

“In spite of what you said about the October Devotion, Father, I can say my rosary with fewer distractions at home alone than in the church with the others before the Blessed Sacrament.”

“That may be, but look how much you gain

when you offer your prayers to the Eucharistic Lord, not directly but through the hands of the Queen of the Rosary. The rosary is particularly fitted to be recited before the tabernacle or the monstrance. By means of the rosary before the altar we truly go to Jesus through Mary. This prayer, said before the Eucharistic Lord, must inflame our hearts with a love for Him. The more earnestly and devoutly we tell our beads the clearer the picture of Christ Himself becomes for us, especially if we have Him at the same time sacramentally before us."

"Father, you said something about meditation in connection with the rosary. I do not know how to meditate at all."

"Why it is a simple reflection or a thought on Christ and His mother with corresponding acts of the will, such as love, sorrow contrition, good resolution, etc. Thus, for example, take the joyful mysteries: when Christ is present in the monstrance before us, how easy it is to think of Him come down from heaven into the womb of the Virgin at Nazareth! When He is carried to the communion railing are we not reminded vividly of the Blessed Virgin carrying the same Savior to Elizabeth and her privileged Son, St. John the Baptist? When we see Him stripped of all splendor in the little Host, can we fail to recall His poverty in the Crib? When He is offered in the Holy Sacrifice, whose thoughts are not carried back to the Temple at Jerusalem where Mary offered the same Infant to His Heavenly Father? When we come to church, into the presence of the Lord, do we not feel happy to have found our Savior as Mary was delighted on finding Him in the temple after her three days' search? Now, if we have such thoughts and are drawn to love God and His holy Mother the more, and to amend our ways in consequence of these reflections, we have meditated on the mysteries and the Holy Eucharist has been the means to help make a better meditation."

"I see, Father, that it is not so difficult after all. I think I can now say my rosary better before the altar than at home."

"But it is at Mass especially that we can use our beads with great fruit."

"Why at Mass?"

"The following incident is related of St. Dominic. One day he was offering the Holy Sacrifice. The people saw at the elevation of the Host the Mother of God holding in her arms and pressing to her breast the Infant Jesus. The people were transported with joy and gazed upon the ravishing spectacle. But at the elevation of the chalice another vision replaced the first. It was Christ on the cross covered with blood and wounds whom the Saint held in his hands. About the time of communion a third

marvel roused the wonder of the faithful to the highest pitch. A dazzling light surrounded the altar and in its splendor appeared our Lord in all the glory of His resurrection as on the day He blessed His disciples and ascended into heaven."

"What was the meaning of these visions?"

"Wait, let St. Dominic explain it to us as he did to his people after Mass. The Infant in His Mother's arms represented the joyful mysteries of the rosary; Jesus crucified, the sorrowful; and Jesus risen and in splendor, the glorious. God wished to show that all these mysteries are contained and reproduced in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass just as they are honored in the rosary. He wished above all to make them and us understand how much He desires these mysteries to be cherished by Christians."

"Why, the rosary is the abridgment, the resumé of the whole life of Christ as is also the Holy Sacrifice. The Mass, as a pious writer says, gives Christ to us in reality and the rosary makes us contemplate Him. The Mass rises above the rosary as sacramental communion rises above spiritual communion. But as spiritual communion bears excellent fruits in fervent souls, something like those of the Sacrament Itself, so by a pious recitation of the rosary we unite ourselves very intimately with Jesus in His mysteries to offer God all their merits and receive for ourselves their most abundant fruits."

"Since, then, the Holy Eucharist comprises and sums up all the mysteries and since the recitation of the Dominican Rosary at least, is joined with a contemplation of these mysteries, it stands to reason that, while it is good to tell our beads anywhere, the best spot is the church in the presence of the Eucharistic Lord. With what satisfaction must not Jesus, present in the Sacred Host, listen to the praises we address to His holy Mother and through her to His Divine Heart."

"Father, I'll surely be here this evening for October devotion. Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"Just a moment! Did you ever hear of the rosary and the two trains?"

"No, I should like to hear it."

"Well, it happened, I think, in the sixties or seventies of last century. A New York passenger train was several hours late one day. A freight train was on the same track. The crew of the latter knew that the first train was past due and were surprised to find no signal out to order them to the sidetrack. The men were worried. But an old weather-beaten brakeman exclaimed: 'As long as Dominic keeps one hand on the throttle and the other wrapped up in his rosary no accident is going to happen to us.'"

"Who was Dominic?"

"Why the engineer of the 'freight.' Scarcely had the brakeman spoken when the fast train, bearing about one hundred passengers, whirled around the curve. The 'freight' too was going at considerable speed. A terrible calamity seemed inevitable. As the trains neared each other, and some of the men became aware of what was impending, fright and consternation were pictured on all faces. All the while Dominic's lips moved. He kept on reciting the Hail Mary to the Help of Christians. Suddenly, as if by magic, both trains came to a standstill within a few feet of each other."

"My but that was a close call! That engineer

surely had a right to the name of Dominic."

"Yes, he realized this himself, and to show his gratitude to the Queen of the Holy Rosary, he soon after entered the order of St. Dominic. Some years later the one-time engineer was ordained to the holy priesthood. He died in his monastery about thirty years ago in southern Ohio."

"Oh, Father, now I can say my rosary with new fervor and devotion. Of course, I will try it as often as I can in church, but I understand the better now that Mary hears her clients also in other places. Praised be Jesus Christ!"

"For evermore. Amen."

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter I

"*'William Patrick Armstrong, two miles out, on the Riney Run turnpike.'*"

"Well, I must be nearly there now."

Thus Danny Lacey, this bright June morning striding out the brown-surfaced pike from Dunsboro. On his left was a winding, ever-deepening ravine; on his right, the shoulder of a hill, higher above every turn of the road; behind him receded the little county seat where he had spent the night; before him, William Patrick Armstrong, and the immediate matter of applying for the advertised job on the William Patrick Armstrong estate.

"William Patrick Armstrong," mused Danny, "is not what the Colonel at the hotel called him; he spoke of him as 'Pat.' It is not exactly the form the gentleman himself gave his name in the advertisement; the 'ad' was signed: 'Willie Pat.' I'm sure of that because I copied it exactly in my notebook."

"'Willie Pat,' is right," continued Danny, as he replaced the notebook in his pocket. "But, then, the full name, of course, is William Patrick. Hereabouts everybody seems to shorten his name in some queer way. There were 'Red Ben,' 'Turkey Ned,' 'Honey Tom,' 'Jim Cassie,' 'Sim Cap,' and a dozen other such names I heard from the loafers at the hotel last night. It's a strange custom, too, for people that at least strike a stranger as a dignified sort. Without becoming familiar, they all seem willing to be helpful, and they certainly are courteous. Even 'mine host' was quite an impressive personage. I'll never forget, though, the twinkle in his eye nor the stately manner in which he informed me as I left, that 'William Patrick Armstrong lived on the Riney Run turnpike,

two miles out.'—But, say, Danny Lacey, doesn't that look like a big, cool spring up there?"

The spring was beyond the fence on Danny's right, at the top of the slope, but at the foot of the cliff that crowned it. Wild flowers were abloom on the grassy ascent; about the spring were some fine trees, one large sycamore stretching its branches over the wooden trough that poured a generous stream into an overflowing rock basin. Danny had a refreshing drink from his cupped hand at the end of the trough. Then he cooled his face and hands, combed back his hair and climbed up into the sycamore to rest a bit.

In his two-mile walk, Danny had not met nor passed a living soul. As he sat on the sycamore limb that extended over the spring, he had a view of the turnpike, of the ravine below and, beyond, of a bold, steep hillside, cedar-clad. A redbird, making a splotch of scarlet on the dark green background, was whistling clearly. The murmur of the stream in the ravine and the splash of the spring water tumbling into the pool, were the only other sounds that fell upon his ears. The quiet of the place settled upon him like sleep, and he felt confident that, if he could secure the job he was seeking,—and if Mr. Armstrong proved to be a reasonably kind employer,—at least his immediate future would be a happy one. Yielding to the impressions and the humor of the moment, he took out his notebook and slowly set down:

ACROSTIC

Days ago will come no more,
All my youth has passed forever;
Near me,—none I knew of yore,
Now from all I must dis sever;—
YOU were not upon the shore.

Life, like day, begins anew,
And the sea I sail's uncharted;
Can my voyage lead to YOU?
Every other hope's departed;—
YOU, UNKNOWN, my haven true.

Yours Truly, etc.,

D. L.

Danny read over his lines and pronounced them "punk." "A disgrace to a half-sick 'A. M.' just out of college, and therefore to be destroyed quickly," he soliloquized. But, after tearing out the leaf, he noticed that the address of his prospective employer was on the reverse side; so, for prudence' sake, he replaced it and was soon again listening dreamily to the redbird, the murmur of the stream and the splash of the water into the pool beneath him.

But now came another noise. No sylvan sound that he had ever heard or read of resembled it. It grew rapidly louder, rapidly nearer, and it was coming from behind him. First a murmur, then a hum, then a rumble; now it was becoming almost a roar, punctuated with extraordinary snappings and twangings. Danny turned with quick curiosity to learn what was happening. Two things happened: Danny's quick movement caused him to drop his notebook from his hand, and a water bucket came swinging around the shoulder of the hill, and fell to the spring, where it was quickly filled. Danny climbed down from his seat in the sycamore and, after recovering his notebook, turned to see the now filled bucket making its ascent. The wire trolley on which the bucket rode was again rumbling and humming, now in minuendo. These two things Danny knew. A third, which he did not know, was, that the loose leaf from his notebook had fluttered into the water bucket.

"Well, I hope they'll enjoy that water, whoever they are; for it is good," commented Danny, "and now I'm on my way. The Armstrong place must be only a little farther on. The rest and cool drink has done me good. I can talk up to Mr. Farmer now."

"W. P. Armstrong" was, in fact, the name painted in plain, bold letters on the mail box at the next gate. The gate was an 'automatic.' A good gravel driveway passed through, but quickly lost itself to view behind the slope of a hill. Danny noticed, as he entered, a small stream to the left, flowing toward the pike, and on the rising ground beyond the stream an old log cabin, apparently unoccupied. A few moments later he had his first view of the house. It stood upon the crest of the hill, up which wound the avenue, and was partly concealed by large oaks on the hillside and by others clustered nearer about. The house was of brick,

and was of large proportions, green-shuttered, white-trimmed, comfortable. Danny rang the door bell. Only the screen door was closed, and Danny could see at once a stout colored 'mammy' coming down the hall. Without waiting for him to speak, she said:

"Miss Willie says fo' you to tek a seat an' set down on de po'ch till she gits ready to talk to you."

With that the colored woman withdrew, and Danny took a seat in a wicker chair. Near it was another, in which was a jumble of needlework and a popular magazine. He surmised that these belonged to "Miss Willie," and that "Miss Willie" was one of the ladies of the household; but was at a loss to understand why "Miss Willie"—whoever she was—should invite him to await her coming; for "Miss Willie" could not know his business, nor even his name,—could not have ever seen or heard of him before.

"I wonder if I am going to encounter one of those 'Southern flirts,'" Danny mused; and he was just resolving to be ready for any eventuality when he was brought to his feet by as pleasant a "how-do" as, in Danny's judgment, female voice ever spoke. She stood in the doorway, addressing him through the screen. Danny, with difficulty, maintained his composure.

"I have come to see Mr. Armstrong about work. I saw his advertisement in the *Dunstable Defender* last night, and I have walked out this morning to apply for the position."

"Do you mean that you are looking for farm work, Mr. Lacey? You do not look like a farm hand, and that is what I want."

"I have never done farm work," admitted Danny; "but I am willing and anxious to try it, and I believe I can make a good hand. But how did you know my name, may I ask?"

A slight, quick flush followed by a faint smile and an unmistakable twinkle in her grey eyes showed that Miss Willie was first confused and then amused. Nevertheless, with a quickly composed countenance and with a slight touch of hauteur, she replied:

"The name does not really make any difference; but you may come to work if you want to. When will you begin?"

"I shall have to return to town to get some working clothes and to have my trunk sent out," replied Danny, somewhat stiffly, "and I can come out myself tonight and be ready to go to work in the morning. Shouldn't I see Mr. Armstrong, and make arrangements with him?"

"That is not necessary at all. The wages offered in the advertisement are what I'll pay."

Danny was puzzled. He was also beginning to feel irritated.

"Am I to work for *you*?" he asked, and his tone betrayed his astonishment.

"Yes, you are to work for me,"—with the faintest return of the smile and the twinkle.

"Are you Mrs. Armstrong, or Miss Armstrong? The colored people, it seems, speak of all ladies as 'Miss'."

"I am Miss Armstrong. When you come back this evening, you will find the cabin by the gate ready for you. You will come to the house at meal times. You can hear Aunt Millie's bell. You may stay for dinner now if you wish. If you prefer to go back to town at once, you may drive the grey mare you'll find in the barn. If you use the buckboard, you can easily bring your things back with you."

"No, thank you, I'll not stay for dinner. I'll not trouble you for your buckboard. I'll probably be back from Dunsboro by five o'clock, and shall be ready to spend my first night in your cabin."

The girl made no reply. The young man was plainly angry, as though his pride were hurt. He was pale, and seemed to tremble as he walked away. Willie Pat turned from the door with a stamp of her foot.

"The idea of a farmhand's talking to me in such a way! I could put him in his place very easily, and I'll do it soon, I'm sure. Better than that, I'll not have him around at all."

She went straight to the telephone and, getting connection with her old friend, Colonel Mitre in town, she requested:

"Colonel, I want you to do me a favor. I have just hired a young man to attend to my tobacco but now I don't want him. He is on his way to town, and will be at the hotel, I am sure, as he stayed there last night. Tell him for me that I cannot have him. His name? Oh, *Danny Lacey* is his name. He is very slender, and pale. You will recognize him, I am sure. Thank you so much, Colonel."

Hanging up the receiver, Willie Pat moved swiftly into the large reception room off the hall. If her eye had sought the mirror over the mantle, it would have shown her a surprising Willie Pat with high color and a flashing grey eye and a threatening frown. But her eye did not seek the mirror. Instead, it looked through the open window, which commanded an excellent view of the whole green hillside, down which wound the avenue, and there it showed her the solitary figure of the departing Danny. She watched his slow, thoughtful footstep, and felt a wave of pity and regret for her swift resentment. The man was pale, as though just recovering from an illness. He was among utter strangers. To live in an outlying cabin, and to work in a tobacco patch, was evidently not his accustomed manner of life. She had

ignored his just request to be informed how she knew his name. Now she had prepared for him another disappointment and humiliation; he was walking toward it at the moment. He had pride, she reflected, and she had thoughtlessly and needlessly hurt it. Then, aloud to herself, and flushing, she asserted:

"I have pride myself; and I should have too much of it to allow myself to become wrought up over a stranger and a farmhand."

With that Willie Pat walked out of the parlor and up the stairway to her room. When, an hour later, Aunt Millie rang the dinner bell, she came down promptly and took her slight repast in silence. As she folded her napkin, she heard Aunt Millie saying:

"Miss Willie, dat dere man what was here dis mornin' ain't lookin' right to me. What he doin' roun' de cabin' down by de gate?"

"Is he there now, Millie?"

"No'm; he done gone to'ds town. But he went inside de cabin an' he looked all roun' it 'fo he left. Dat man look like he sick; is he?"

"I do not know anything about him, Aunt Millie; and we shall probably not see any more of him, so don't trouble your mind about him."

Strangely enough, however, Willie Pat could not keep her own mind off the extraordinary stranger, whom she had angered and employed and discharged, all within ten minutes after she had first seen him. She was compelled by necessity to have a 'hand,'—indeed she could use two, or three, to advantage. Post-war wages had drawn to the city the two colored men who had worked on the place for years. The tobacco needed cultivation at once, and the general work was suffering. All this Willie Pat was telling herself as she sat sewing in her room after dinner. Over and over she told it, as if to justify herself in doing what she was now surely going to do.

"I engaged him," she said aloud; "I need him; he does not yet know my message discharging him, and I can stop the message still before he receives it. I'll run down and call up the Colonel right away."

"Colonel, I am so sorry to trouble you so much," apologized Willie Pat when she had her old friend on the wire, "but I want to tell you not to deliver that message I gave you this morning.—What? It's already delivered?—It didn't do any good? What do you mean, Colonel?—He's coming back anyhow?—Has a right to? Won't let me discharge him?—You're coming with him? Oh, this is *too* funny, Colonel,—no, no; come by all means. Come in time for supper. Now, I'll expect you; don't fail; good-by."

Willie Pat hung up the receiver and stood motionless.

"Well," she said. "Well, if this isn't too funny;—too funny not to be serious. Just as I was becoming sorry for discharging him, I am told he won't let me discharge him. I've got hold of a Tartar, I'm afraid. Perhaps work in the tobacco patch will tame him;—if he doesn't quit. Oh, well, I don't know anything about him, and don't care anything about him except to get him to attend the crop and pay him for it. I need a *good* man, though, while papa is away. Well, I can learn more about him this evening. I can have him to supper with us since the Colonel will be here. And now the first thing to do is to tell Aunt Millie they are coming."

While Aunt Millie was beginning her preparations, under her young mistress' direction, the Colonel and Danny were just leaving town in the Colonel's surrey. Danny's belongings were in the back seat, while he sat in front with the Colonel, who was driving. Danny had already discovered that the Colonel was a kindly soul; no one could be with him an hour without discerning that. Likewise, he could not fail to see that the Colonel was a close and trusted friend of his young employer. It was evident to him also that the Colonel recognized in him something more than an ordinary farm-hand, and was disposed to give him any advice or enlightenment he might wish regarding his work and the people he was to work for. Danny, however, persisted in keeping their conversation upon generalities. Only this much of a more personal nature did he feel obliged to say:

"Colonel, now that we are nearing the Armstrongs', I want to tell you that I have enjoyed your company very much, and to thank you for bringing me out in your conveyance. You were certainly very kind this morning in your manner of handing me my discharge, although I was an utter stranger to you. I think I should tell you why I refused to be discharged. It was not especially that I want the place. I'm not going to like it; I know that. I knew it this morning, and it took me all the time I spent walking back to town to make up my mind to stick. You see, I don't like to be beaten too easily. Then, just when I had made my mind up, you inform me that Miss Armstrong does not want me. Well, she will have to discharge me herself, and tell me to my face the reasons why. Then I'll be willing to quit."

The Colonel was puzzled. Should he or should he not tell the young man that Willie Pat had changed her mind and had tried to recall her message? After they had passed through the gateway, he was again puzzled, for Danny, after setting his effects upon the ground, told him to drive on alone as he would be busy arranging his room and would not go

up to the house for supper. The Colonel, after a moment's hesitation, decided to say nothing, and soon was hitching his horse at the hitching rack, while Willie Pat awaited upon the porch to greet him.

(To be continued)

A Reason

Much time, money, and effort would be conserved if the merit of a thing were alone sufficient to attract public attention. But unfortunately an unpretentious, retiring merit seldom attracts even a passing notice.

The Catholic Press, being no exception to this rule, must meet and overcome public indifference if it would gain recognition and support.

No matter how exceptional the merit of a Catholic publication or how worthy the cause in which it is published, it will fail of its purpose unless it is persistently and emphatically brought to the attention of each and every individual whose support is desired. It is regrettable, but nevertheless true, that the great majority of our Catholic people show little spontaneous interest in Catholic periodicals. They will not seek out a Catholic magazine and unsolicited subscribe for it. Therefore, the Reverend Editor must seek them out, engage their attention, and then impress upon them the merit and worthy purpose of his publication. And it is through the Catholic magazine salesman that he does this.

In this connection, then, the salesman comes to you as a representative of the Catholic press, and as such he is invested with a dignity that entitles him to a respectful hearing from every Catholic upon whom he may call to solicit a subscription. He is by no means to be classed as an ordinary house to house solicitor, for he is engaged not merely in making an honorable livelihood, he is laboring to further a sacred cause.

If the Catholic press is worthy of your honor and respect, so are all those who are worthily working in its interests. C.

Autumn Days

NANCY BUCKLEY

The rustling leaves are colored gay,
The light falls soft and clear,
As dreamy Summer glides away
And Autumn days are here.

The air is filled with quiet song,
The land is veiled in mist,
And silver cloudlets drift along
A sky of amethyst.

Pilgrims to Weingarten Abbey

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

What Canterbury was for Catholic England with its great minster and perennial pilgrimage, that Weingarten has been and still is for Catholic Wuerttemberg. The object here venerated is no mere martyr's relics, but some of Christ's most Precious Blood, as soundly attested to as the famous relic of Mantua. The church, which is the largest in the country, can accommodate some 14,000. Yet is it over-filled on pilgrimage days, so persistent has been the faith of the people since the dark days of the suppression of the Benedictine Abbey a hundred years ago. Abbot and monks were expelled and gradually died out, but they have left a twofold legacy to posterity, a mortal one in the undying devotion to the Precious Blood which they had so zealously propagated, and a material one in the mighty church and Abbey buildings. The work of the Abbey as a centre of reform is also writ large in history and in the literary work of the monks.

But even as the pilgrimage and the church are things not only of the past but of the present, so the Abbey and hooded monks were not to remain a mere memory. Oaks and monks, it is said, live forever; and certain it is that St. Benedict's order retains today its old-time vitality. Consequently, as soon as came the collapse of German militarism, which had turned the Abbey into a barracks, steps were taken to restore the Abbey to God's service. In May, last year, there was celebrated "the Second Spring" of Benedictine life at Weingarten. The community of St. Thomas's Abbey, Erdington, England, of the Beuronese Congregation, had been sorely tried during the great war and the Right Rev. Abbot Ansgar Hoeckelmann judged the opportunity to revive Weingarten Abbey was providential. Bishop and faithful had indeed united in calling upon the Beuronese Congregation to repeople the Abbey.

Through the zeal of the Rt. Rev. Archabbot of Beuron negotiations were happily concluded

and on May 14th, 1922, Abbot Ansgar was able to make his solemn entry into the picturesque little town of Weingarten. Catholic Swabia did honour to the occasion, some 23,000 people lining the streets and crowding the church. At the entry of the town his Grace, Bishop von Keppler of Rottenburg, together with his clergy and six mitred Abbots in pontificals, welcomed Abbot Ansgar and his community, whose ranks were swelled by six Fathers from Beuron and twenty young oblates. The Bishop then escorted them to the great church on the hill, St. Martinsberg, and enthroned Abbot Ansgar as forty-first Abbot of Weingarten.

Thereupon the Divine Office was solemnly started anew by the monks, after the choir had been hushed for 113 years, and Pontifical Vespers were sung. Since then, Mass and Vespers are daily sung.

Having been used as barracks for fifty years, the Abbey presented but a sorry spectacle within when the monks first came. The work of

restoration has been rapidly pushed on, and every month sees some improvement to the long broad cloisters of the three lofty stories or to the cells and community rooms. Fortunately most of the buildings are extremely solid, and of comparatively recent date (about 1720).

By letters apostolic, dated July 8th, 1922, Pope Pius XI set his seal to the good work by reerecting the ancient Abbey of Weingarten with all its spiritual privileges.

There is also gratifying development in the community, as the new year finds two added to the choir monks; and there are also four lay brother novices and a number of postulants. For these the community cannot thank Providence sufficiently, but the unexpected hardships that are befalling Germany, bring a factor that could hardly have been reckoned with into the situation. Still, the Fathers cannot but view the great initial success of their enterprise as a pledge of kind Providence never to leave them



WEINGARTEN ABBEY AND CHURCH

at a loss, and quietly pursue their work of reconstruction. Besides the development of the community and the outward fabric, local Benedictinism is being studied historically, and the literary and scientific work of the monks of yore and their traditions are being duly cherished and investigated. Preeminent among these are records of miracles, with sound firsthand evidence, wrought through invocation of Christ's Precious Blood.

Our photographs reproduce typical scenes of the last procession of the Precious Blood Relic on May 11th, 1923, it being an annual event on the Friday after the Ascension—called "Blutfreitag." The bearer of the relic this year, called Blutritter, or Knight of the Precious Blood—was Rev. Dom Frowin Fick, O. S. B., one of the parish curates. He rode in the middle of the procession, blessing the multitude as he went with the relic. The procession is the great annual event at Weingarten and from far and wide some twenty thousand pilgrims come.

The relic was entrusted to Father Frowin Fick at the steps of the church shortly after 6 a. m. Accompanied with flying banners and full band, the relic-bearer rode right out through the fields and round the parish preceded and followed by a unique procession of over 1,200 men on horseback from a great number of parishes of Wuerttemberg. Many wore top hats, and bore pennons besides. Four "stations" were made in the open, and a blessing invoked on the fields and crops. The riding was slow and dignified, and three hours elapsed before the relic was received by Rt. Rev. Abbot Ansgar Hoeckelmann, at the last station. After blessing the people with the relic, he bore it back in procession to the church and sang Pontifical High Mass in honour of the Precious Blood.

As a demonstration of Catholic love and reverence towards Our Lord, the procession, and the church filled all day, were very impressive and elevating; while in the confessionals, be-

sieged from 4 a. m. to 4 p. m., and in the countless Holy Communions, the individual souls of thousands won grace and spiritual comfort.

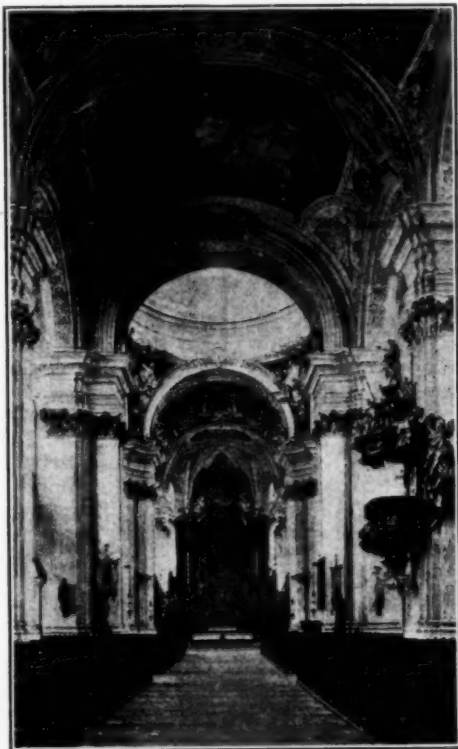
HISTORY OF THE RELIC

According to a very ancient legend, the soldier who wounded Our Lord on the Cross with his lance, travelled over to Italy (a natural thing for a Roman soldier to do) and came to Mantua. Converted under the Cross itself, he reverently treasured up some of the Precious Blood that flowed from the wound he had made, and before dying a martyr for the faith, he buried the relic at Mantua.

In the year 804, A. D., there was actually dug up at this town a leaden case securely closed, with the inscription — "Sanguis Christi." A number of wonderful cures were wrought on sick persons who touched the relic with faith, and Pope Leo III, who went into the particulars of the discovery and the cures on the spot, sanctioned the public veneration of the relic. Soon after, however, Normans and Hungarians attacked northern Italy, and the Precious Blood was again buried for safety. It was discovered anew in 1048, and Bishop Martialis of Mantua took a prominent part in establishing the identity of the relic. More miracles followed, whereupon Emperor Henry III, protector of Mantua, besought Pope Leo IX, newly-elected, to

examine into the striking occurrences most carefully. The outcome was that the head of the Church declared the miracles genuine, and confirmed the veneration of the relic as True Blood of Christ.

Thereupon the Pope desired to have the relic transferred to the Lateran Basilica in Rome. The people of Mantua strongly protested and through the intervention of Henry III, it was decided to share the relic. A third part was given to Henry III, by the grateful citizens of Mantua. This he carried about him in a small gold case till his death on Oct. 5th, 1056. He left it as a legacy to Count Baldwin V of



INTERIOR OF WEINGARTEN ABBEY CHURCH

Flanders, who in turn gave the relic to his daughter Judith. She was the wife of Tosti, earl of Northumberland, whom Edward the Confessor had banished to Flanders in 1051. When Edward died, Tosti returned to England, and was killed by Harold at the battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066, when both princes were contending for the crown of England that was never to be theirs. His widowed princess married again some four years later, her husband being Duke Guelph IV. He was nephew of Guelph III who had handed over his castle on the Martinsberg of Weingarten to the Benedictine monks from Altdorf, close by. Judith of Flanders brought the relic with her to her new home, as part of her dowry. Whether or not she had previously brought it to England cannot be determined. In any case, some twenty years later, in 1090 (or at Judith's death in 1094) the relic was given over to Weingarten Abbey, where it has remained. The relic having been given to the monks on the Friday after the Ascension, a great procession has been held on that day annually, at least since the closing years of the Middle Ages.

At Weingarten as at Mantua many miracles were wrought; an old book printed at Weingarten in 1735, and called "The Wonderworking Fount of Graces," registers 188 cases with official attestations. Finally after documentary evidence had been laid before the Congregation of Rites, proving that the Weingarten Relic had the same origin as the Mantua remains of the Precious Blood, public veneration of the relic was sanctioned by Rome under Pope Innocent XII in 1693; and a special Mass conceded.—This it is now the joy of the Benedictines of today to sing once more, and make amends for the public veneration of the relic that had been prohibited by the state from 1809 to 1849.

HISTORY OF WEINGARTEN ABBEY

Some 16 miles north of the Lake of Constance on the western slope of a hill north of Ravensburg, the church and Abbey of Weingarten stand out conspicuous,—the church with its dome and twin towers and around it the monastic buildings with two large quadrangles. Weingarten Abbey has given its name to what was formerly the village of Altdorf, and around the two the town of Weingarten has developed. The two have indeed been connected from earliest times, for when Benedictine

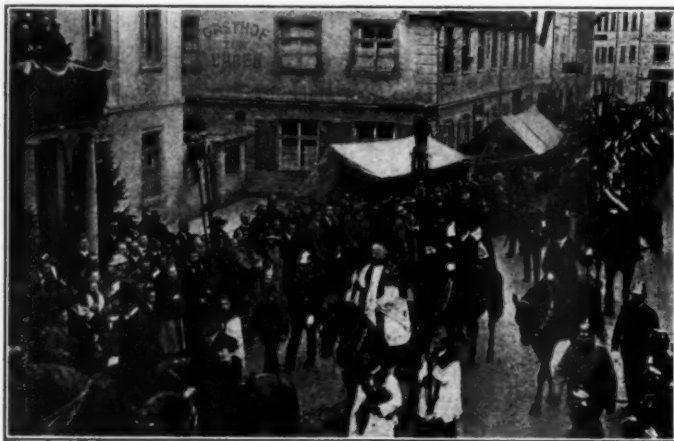
life began at Weingarten, it came *via* Altdorf.

Tracing back the history of the abbey and of its noble protectors to their earliest days, and disentangling it from the legendary element that is inevitable in mediaeval records, we find that one, if not two monks from England stand out as pioneers of the work. It is true that Benedictine nuns preceded the monks at Altdorf by some fifty years, but the Fathers who did replace them (about 1047) were the community from Altomuenster, in Bavaria; and this community had been founded nearly three hundred years before. The father of Charlemagne, King Pippin the Short, had added this part of Bavaria to his vast domains, and hearing that there was a famous recluse named Alto in the district, the king set himself to found a monastery and placed the good hermit at its head. This holy man, very probably an Anglo-Saxon, was one of the many religious who left England or Ireland during the eighth century, in order wholly to live to God and for the conversion of the Teutonic races on the Continent.

Meanwhile St. Boniface (native of Devonshire) had long been working to reform the Frankish clergy east and west of the Rhine, and had very probably crowned Pippin King himself. Hence no little probability attaches to the traditional account that St. Boniface came himself to consecrate Alto's church and modest abbey, henceforth known as Altomuenster.*

The monastery passed through many vicissitudes till about 950, when it was destroyed by Hungarian invaders. Till about 1025 there is a break in the records, then we find Benedictine

* St. Alto is mentioned in English Benedictine menologies on Sept. 5th, in German menologies on Feb. 9th.—Cf. Lindner *Monasticon Salisburg*. I. p. 167.



PROCESSION WITH THE RELIC OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

tine life anew at Altomuenster, the revival being made by Benedictines from Scherenwald, near Unterammgau. Meanwhile the family of the Guelphs had been rising to power in much of the country round. If not such even earlier they were soon to become the distinct protectors and patrons of this community, transferring it to their old family seat of Altdorf about 1047.

Since the days of King Pippin, very probably, Altdorf had been the center of activity of the Guelph family. For after the king had reduced the dukedom of the Allemani, he set over the province, as tradition has it, Warni and Ruodhard; and the son of the former, Isembard, is considered the real founder of the Guelph family that was to play so momentous a part in European history. A prominent figure in the suite of Charlemagne, he married Irmenrud, sister-in-law of the great Emperor. Their son, it would seem, was Guelph I; and the family rose ever in higher esteem, since it is certain that Guelph's daughter, Judith, married the Emperor Louis the Pious in 819; while his other daughter, Emma, was wedded to the Emperor Louis the German in 827. Guelph I had also three sons, Eticho, Conrad, and Rudolph; and the son of Eticho, named Henry of the Golden Plough, is the reputed founder of the Benedictine nuns at Altdorf about 1000 A. D. Henry has also the honour of being father of St. Conrad, Bishop of Constance (died 976). A son of Rudolph succeeded to the dukedom as Guelph II, and he it was who transferred the Benedictine nuns to Altomuenster, and settled the monks from thence at Altdorf, as aforesaid. The buildings here, however, burnt down some six years later, and in 1055 Guelph III placed his castle of Martinsburg on the hillside close by at the disposal of the monks, and named the new Abbey Weingarten, from the numerous vineyards then all around.

Established at Altdorf in 1047, and at Weingarten in 1055, the Benedictine community from Altomuenster flourished from the first. During the 150 years that next followed four or five of the abbots were monks trained at Hirschau. There was the full divine service in choir; architecture and art were duly cultivated and the goods and estates of the monastery were well administered. This was the first golden period of the monastery, and manuscripts long remained to attest the good work done, e. g., the *Liber Litaniarum*, and *Catalogus Abbatum*. The acquisition of the relic of the Precious Blood also contributed to the flourishing condition of the monastery.

Then followed three centuries in which discipline and the good estate of the Abbey generally decayed by degrees. Occasionally an abbot

brought in a partial reform, or revived in his own way something of the days of old. The most striking figure among them is Abbot Gerwig Blarer (1520 to 1567). Born of one of the noble families of Constance, he was a thorough child of the Renaissance, a lover of the "New Learning" in so far as it revealed and revelled in the art and literature of antiquity. And precisely because of this he was uncompromising towards the "New Religion," denoting as it did a break with the past. He was not gifted for the reform of his own house on monastic lines, but in the turbulent years of the rise of Protestantism, he was a potent factor in the Counter-Reformation Movement, and corresponded and consorted with the high dignitaries of Church and state. His many letters, filling two large octavos, have quite recently been published. (By Prof. Guenter in volumes 16 and 17 of Wuertemberg Historical Records—Geschichtsquellen 1914 and 1921.)

His third successor, Abbot George Wegelin (1586 to 1627), inaugurated a new bright period for the monastery. He has been called the greatest Abbot of Weingarten, and certainly in zeal and efficiency his work is on a par with that of the Abbots who laboured in the cloister's prime. He owed his ascetic and theological training to the Jesuit Fathers of Dillingen, and ever remained a friend and well-wisher of the sons of St. Ignatius. Many years of persistent efforts enabled him to train up a new generation of monks, and these proved exemplary. Relations with the outer world, and all the details of inner monastic discipline were examined and re-ordered, and this with true Benedictine discretion. Abbot Wegelin entrusted to the secular clergy the parishes his monks had till then served, for he considered it as vital to his reform that the monks should both be trained and have their field of activity within the cloister.

Weingarten thereby became a model cloister; and a consequence was that during the first decades of the seventeenth century some forty to fifty monks went forth to other monasteries as abbots, priors, novice masters, or to hold other positions of responsibility. Studies also reached a high standard. Abbot Wegelin developed the library considerably, and in his day it reached its greatest treasure—the oldest MSS. extant of the Minnesaenger. In his day too (January, 1617) began the literary activity of Dom Gabriel Bucelin at Weingarten. Many of his MMS. are still extant, and his "Germania Sacra et Profana" was published in four volumes at Augsburg in 1665 to 1678. Books on moral theology and dogma were also published by the monks, but history remained

(Continued on page 180)

Remembrance

NANCY BUCKLEY

THERE was something queer about the little old lady as she made her way timidly — rather wearily, too — through the dress department of the Elite Store.

Miss Nolan watched her for a moment, her keen eyes seeking the reason. For Kathleen Nolan, efficient buyer, was also a student of human nature and a lover of folks, high or low.

"It's her clothes," she said softly, shaking her wise little head. "They're made for seventeen, not seventy."

The little old lady wore a bouffant frock of blue taffeta, as sweet as a spring romance. And her hat . . . ! Tilted boastfully to one side, with two large plumes of rose-shade silk! She wore grey satin slippers with rhinestone buckles. Oh, how small and tight! Poor tired feet! As she minced forward, Kathleen noticed that the heels were very high — Louis Quinze style.

"How can I help you this morning?" asked Kathleen softly, looking down at the wrinkled face and snowy hair.

"I wanted to buy a dress," fluttered the little old lady, "something young. Maybe a rose silk to match this." A worn hand touched the unsteady hat.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Kathleen. "Come right along with me."

The little old lady gazed through wistful eyes at a group of young girls modeling the latest Parisian gowns. As she passed them they turned and giggled loudly.

Kathleen opened the door of the ivory and gold salon reserved for the most expensive dresses.

"Sit right down here where you'll be comfortable," she said, pulling forward a roomy chair, soft as velvet.

The little old lady sank into it.

"My, I'm 'most petered out," she sighed. "Shopping's hard work if you ain't used to it." She was silent a moment. Then: "Father only sold the farm last month. I always called him 'Father' since we was married. We come to the city to see the sights. 'I never had no togs, so Father wanted to buy up all the dresses and hats and things. Said I ought to make up for what I ain't had all these years. Good idea, too, but it just keeps you hustling — making up for lost time."

Her kindly black eyes appraised Kathleen's dress.

"My, dearie, that's a real nice dress you got on. Plain, but awful pretty. Cost money, I

guess; but — —" she added quickly, "money ain't troubling now. I remember days when it was, though — long, drudging days. Ain't such a time ago neither. Yes, your's is a real pretty dress," nodded the little old lady. Her eyes shifted slowly to Kathleen's kindly face, brimming with smiles — and tears, it seemed.

"You just rest here a few minutes. I've got some beautiful dresses I want to show you." Kathleen lovingly patted the little old lady's arm and hurried from the room.

All petered out . . . ! Left alone now, she kicked off the ill-fitting slippers and comfortably wriggled her cramped toes. She pulled off the cumbrous hat and smothered her white hair, folded her arms and sighed contentedly.

Just then one of the youngest models burst into the room.

"Oh, pardon me, I thought Miss Nolan was here," she exclaimed.

"Come right in, dearie," smiled the little old lady. "I want to look at your pretty dress. Gracious me!" she cried, raising shocked hands, "but ain't it low in the neck — and short too! When I was a girl we wasn't allowed . . ."

The model tossed her dark, cropped head.

"Times has changed since your day, lady. These times you got to wear 'em like this." The girl danced out.

Kathleen returned, her arms filled with dresses.

"Oh, how pretty your hair is!" smiled Kathleen, putting down the dresses and touching the fine, silken strands. "And how different you look with your hat off! It makes you years younger — and — and so beautiful!"

Another loving wrinkled face came before Kathleen's eyes — a face watching at a window of a certain cottage in Ireland. Five years ago since that face had smiled and wept "good bye" to her.

Kathleen brushed the vision aside and spread a frail rose silk dress before the delighted eyes of the little old lady.

"I never thought clothes *could* be so pretty," she exclaimed, her hands caressing the skirt, softer than the petals of a rose. "I guess always wearing of gingham and wool makes it kind of strange," she said. "It's so pretty! I like it so. Father will, too. He's a great hand for pink. I had a pink wrapper once. Father said it always put roses in my cheeks. I wore it — to please him, of course — till there wasn't a shred left. Years ago, that was. I was just

about your age then. The year we bought the Adams' place and went to housekeeping." She sighed and was silent. Kathleen watched her, unwilling to break in upon the thoughts of other days.

"Do you think it'll be too gay for me, dearie?" she suddenly asked, a note of longing in her voice.

"Not too gay, but — I've got something even lovelier. Just the nicest dress in the house. Bought it myself in New York this fall. I must have been thinking of somebody just like you — somebody just as sweet and loving and kind."

The little old lady's eyes twinkled her appreciation.

"Ain't you the hand for words, though?" she beamed.

"And Father ought to see the roses now," laughed Kathleen.

"He's coming for me at noon. 'Most time now, ain't it?" she asked eagerly.

"Just eleven," replied Kathleen, glancing at her wrist watch.

She put aside the dress and held up one of soft, black silk, very simply made. Into the creamy lace at the neck and wrists an artist had woven her dreams.

"It's real pretty sure enough," agreed the little old lady, her head held to one side. "Sort of dark though, ain't it? Father mightn't like it."

"Why not try it on, and see. I know it'll look lovely on you."

The little old lady started to rise, then stopped.

"Gracious, I can't get up, dearie! My feet was smarting so I took my slippers off."

"That's all right," said Kathleen, gently pushing her back into the chair's wide arms. "Can't I get you a little larger pair?"

"Well — yes," reluctantly. "But not too large, mind," cautioned the little old lady. "Just a *mite* bigger'n this." She held up the foolish satin slipper. "And you might fetch 'long a hat while you're at it. I am just all petered out. I'll be resting here 'til you get back. Father mustn't see me tired. He'd fret."

"You just rest all you want," soothed Kathleen, pulling up a low chair and putting the tired feet upon it.

"Maybe I'll catch forty winks," smiled the little old lady.

"Try!" urged Kathleen. "No one'll disturb you while I'm gone. If they do —!"

The little old lady's eyes were drooping and her small body relaxing as Kathleen softly closed the door.

"The poor dear," she sighed. "Trying to hold on to youth with all this foolish finery." She glared at the satin slipper. "Little old lady

I'm going to make you over into some one like my own little mother — into some one as rare and as sweet as she is." Kathleen sniffed back a tear. But the smiles in her gray eyes had returned when she hurried into the hat department.

It was difficult finding just what she wanted. A bonnet, a real old-fashioned bonnet with strings that tied under the chin. At last! It was hidden away in a box on a high shelf. A bonnet of pearly gray silk with a small rose resting on one side! And streamers of tulle of the same misty gray!

Kathleen, delighted with her success, entered the shoe department.

"I want a pair of shoes three sizes larger than this and of softest leather." She held up the slipper before the clerk. "Comfort, not style, is what I'm after."

"Not much call for them kind of shoes, Miss Nolan," replied the clerk, taking down a box and opening it. They were soft as a glove, and fairly brimming over with comfort.

"Just what I want. Thanks." The clerk made out the check.

Kathleen hurried back to the ivory salon and gently opened the door. The little old lady was asleep, the lines of her face almost hidden beneath the sweetness of her repose.

"You dear!" breathed the girl. "How sweet you look!" She picked up the hideous hat and shook it. "When I've finished with you, little old lady, you'll be the correct model for all other old ladies. But there aren't any more old ladies these days," she sighed.

One of the shoes dropped to the floor. The little old lady jumped up with a start.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I woke you up!" apologized Kathleen. "But you've had your forty winks and Father'll be here soon. Suppose we get ready for him."

"Yes; I'm all rested up, dearie. You've been so good to me. You *must* come out and visit us a spell."

"Yes; I'll be very glad to. Now, let's try the shoes first."

"My! Don't they feel good! Wouldn't know I had a corn; and specially the one on my little toe's been acting up all morning!"

She stood up, testing the new shoes.

"Room to grow in; but they're awful pretty, too. I always had a notion pretty things couldn't be easy. Funny ideas we get." She laughed.

Kathleen stood by, holding the dress. She slipped it over the white head. Its graceful lines fell about the tiny form. The little old lady's eyes brightened, her cheeks filled with faint color.

"Oh, how nice you look!" exclaimed Kathleen,

delighted with her success. "Now for the finishing touch — the bonnet."

"Bonnet?" The little old lady hesitated. "Father don't like bonnets. Says they make folks look old."

"Wait and see," smiled Kathleen, putting the little gray bonnet over the white hair. It framed the worn face with gentle lines and made it surprisingly young and pretty.

Kathleen's eyes opened wide.

"You're just like my own mother," she cried. Impulsively she bent her head and kissed the little old lady. Was there the trace of a tear on the worn cheek?

"Don't dearie, don't cry," begged the little old lady, patting her hand.

"I haven't seen her for five years — my little mother — and you bring back everything to me."

One of the models suddenly opened the door. "Here's an old man looking for your customer, I guess, Miss Nolan."

"Father!" exclaimed the little old lady. "Oh dear, I hope he won't be disappointed!" She preened herself before a long mirror.

"They told me Mother was here," he said, entering hesitatingly.

"Yes; she's here waiting," exclaimed Kathleen briskly.

The little old lady came forward, her face bright, hands trembling.

"Here I am, Father."

The old man looked at her.

"Say, Mother, you look bully." He picked her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Father! Mind; the young lady's watching!"

"Excuse me, Miss," apologized the old man, abashed. You see, Mother looked just like she was when we was courting — sort of sweet and peaceful. I just had to kiss her."

Kathleen smiled wistfully. Father and mother prepared to leave.

"Now don't forget, dearie, you promised to come for a visit."

"I surely will!" replied Kathleen happily, opening the door. "Just as soon as I get my vacation in June."

She watched them leave the room and enter the elevator, her eyes still smiling.

St. Bridget of Sweden

A. C. McK.

BROUGHT up in an atmosphere of sincere piety, St. Bridget, daughter of Prince Berger of Sweden, had before her the example of a father and mother who received every Friday the sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion in honor of the suffering and death

of our Divine Savior. Educated in a home where undue levity and frivolous pastimes were unknown, she was prepared to understand and appreciate the more serious and important things of life and to be able to receive religious instruction and take pleasure in listening to sermons explaining the mysteries of our Holy Faith.

At the age of ten she was so impressed by a sermon on the Passion and by a vision she had the following night that it was never effaced from her mind. In this vision of Our Lord hanging upon the cross and covered with wounds, she heard Him say: "Look upon Me, My daughter." "Alas," she exclaimed, "who has treated You thus?" In answer she seemed to hear Him say: "Those who despise Me and are insensible to My love." From that time on the sufferings of her Redeemer was the frequent subject of her meditation.

In obedience to the wish of her father, she married a youth whose faith and practices of devotion were in harmony with her own, and it is said of them that they spent the first year of their married life not in vain amusements and in seeking the pleasures of the world, but in penances and exercises of piety that they might be the better prepared to discharge with fidelity the duties and obligations they had assumed.

St. Bridget was the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls. Two boys died in infancy and two died in the holy wars in Palestine. Two girls served God faithfully in the married state, and two became nuns. One of these, St. Catherine of Sweden, died an abbess and is honored as a Saint on the 22nd of March.

Inspired with the charity that loves God and neighbor, St. Bridget and her husband looked upon the poor as members of their own family. They built hospitals for them, and served the sick among them with their own hands.

After some years this pious couple, by mutual consent, separated, in order that the husband might enter the Cistercian Order and the wife found a community of nuns in the Abbey of Wastain. She renounced the rank of princess, and upon the death of her husband divided his estate among her children. She lived in the world as one not of the world, and the austerities she practiced seem almost incredible. On Fridays she doubled her mortifications and other exercises and fasted on bread and water.

Her profound humility and charity appeared in all she did—in her prayers and fasting, in the tenderness of her devotion, her love of retirement, in serving the sick, in her severity toward herself and her mildness toward others, and in the fervor and frequency with which she visited Our Lord in the Sacrament of His

Love. The last thirty years of her life she received the Sacrament of Penance and Holy Communion almost daily.

To St. Bridget—was given a series of the most sublime revelations, all of which she humbly submitted to the judgment of her confessor. To live according to the spirit of the mysteries of faith she considered much greater than to know hidden things and to be favored with visions. She died in the year 1373, and is honored on the 8th of October.

The Collect of the Mass in her memory reads: "O God, our Lord, who by Thy only begotten Son didst reveal heavenly secrets to the blessed Bridget, grant us, Thy servants, through her pious intercession, to rejoice and be happy in the revelation of Thy everlasting glory."

Celia Thaxter and her Island Home

MAUDE GARDNER

Nine miles off the rocky coast of New Hampshire, lies a little group of islands, known as the Isles of Shoals, two of which are intimately associated with the life of Celia Thaxter, beloved American authoress, for on them she spent the greater part of her life, and when the end of time came for her on August 28, 1894, loving friends laid her to rest within sound of the waves which in life she had loved so dearly and which had been the inspiration of some of her best work.

Celia Loughton Thaxter was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 29, 1835, but when she was five years old her father was appointed keeper of the government lighthouse on White Island, and the family went there to live. In one of her books, called, "Child Life on the Isle of Shoals," written after she had grown to womanhood, she beautifully describes her first sight of the island when the little craft, carrying the family and the household belongings, anchored just at sunset beneath the lighthouse and saw for the first time the magic gleams from the great lamps shine out over the water.

A long covered walk connected the quaint stone cottage, where the family lived, with the tall white tower in which was hung the huge lantern containing the fifteen lamps—ten golden and five red ones, whose warning light of safety shone out each night as a beacon to storm-tossed souls. What a novelty it was to Celia Loughton to watch the lighting of the lamps each evening at sunset, and as she grew older, she loved to help her father care for the lamps in the tower, and sometimes as a special treat, she was allowed to kindle them herself.

There were no neighbors on the island at that time, and to many persons it would have been a lonely kind of life, for there were months at a time when the family saw no other human being but themselves, but in the cozy home there were blooming flowers, good books, and as a never-ending source of pleasure, the sea was always about them. And from the very first Celia Loughton loved the sea and as she grew older this feeling became a passion with her. In it she found companionship, and with her flowers and music, the little girl knew no real loneliness. Sometimes the winters would seem long when even the big boat that brought them supplies could not reach the Island, but there was always a wonderful spring ahead and the frail flowers that somehow found root in the thin soil of the great rocks. And how eagerly the child would watch for the first delicate little bloom, struggling for existence on the lonely rocks. She made the most of what she had in her narrow environment and while yet a little girl the longing to tell others of the joy she found in the sea and in her flowers came to her, and soon she began to write her thoughts on paper.

There is no poem written by an American woman that is better known or more universally loved than "The Sandpiper," by which, perhaps, Celia Thaxter is best remembered. The Sandpiper is a lively little shore bird that flits about from point to point, probing with its long delicate bill for shellfish, and with these sweet-voiced creatures the future authoress became fast friends, for they soon came to know that her kind, tender little hands would not molest their nests where the green eggs were laid. After a stormy night, Celia would go out with her father to gather driftwood which



LIGHTHOUSE—ISLE OF SHOALS

the great waves had brought to the shore. But the work which her gentle heart loved best to do was to hunt and care for the birds which had been blown against the lighthouse and hurt during the storm. And years after as a beautiful tribute to the beach-birds and her companionship with them, she wrote the beautiful poem, which expresses the simple faith that was a part of her life:

"I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?"

In 1851 Celia Loughton married Levi Lincoln Thaxter, and in a home at Appledore, the largest of the Isle of Shoals, the remainder of her life was spent, writing poetry, prose, enjoying her music and looking after the beautiful garden which was her special delight. She went among the simple fisher folk, who had come to live on the island, as a ministering angel, tending the sick, comforting the sorrowing and sharing in the joys and sorrows of their little world, while the simple honest Swedes repaid her with a devotion that was beautiful to see.

In some of Mrs. Thaxter's poems there is a note of sadness and pathos for she had her own share of griefs and sorrows, but she was naturally of a cheerful, hopeful nature and most of her work is replete with hope and faith. In a little poem called "Courage," she beautifully illustrates her own brave spirit, which no trials or troubles could ever daunt:

"And in each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine."

Celia Thaxter was devoted to her island home, and in a beautifully illustrated edition, printed in the last year of her life, she tells in this prose story, called "An Island Garden," the history of her life at Appledore and the visits of many men of world-wide fame to her quaint cottage home, among them being James Lowell, who was first to discover her wonderful talent, and John Greenleaf Whittier, the beloved Quaker poet, who spent many summers of his later life on the Isle of Shoals and was a frequent visitor to the Thaxter home.

The sincerity and earnestness of Celia Thaxter's work are qualities that have especially endeared her to all nature lovers. Through all her poetry there is a breath of the sea and the wild flowers which she loved, a touch of music and an undertone of sadness, written out of her own life experiences. Her prose is charming, but it is as a poetess that she will survive

in literature, and it will be long before such beautiful poems as "The Sandpiper" and "The Wounded Curlew," written from the depths of her own sympathetic heart, will be forgotten.

Pilgrims to Weingarten Abbey

(Continued from page 175)

the main field of work, and this culminated in the two volumes of Prior Gerard Hess: "Prodromus monumentorum Guelficorum" (Augsburg, 1781), which has preserved for us in print the early historical MSS. of the Abbey, and treats of the abbots and evolution of the monastery with no little critical acumen.

Still the great feature of the eighteenth century at the abbey was architectural enterprise. In 1715 the building of a new church of vast proportions was entrusted to the Italian Donatus Frisoni, who had just completed an architectural tour in France. In seven years the new house of prayer was completed, in the baroque style of the period, but yet not without much simple majesty. Three hundred and fifty-three feet in length it measures some hundred and forty feet across the transept, and thus the church is not much smaller than Westminster Cathedral (which is some 380 ft. long by 156 ft.) The nave and the choir are the great features, with a width of a hundred feet, and the central dome two hundred and thirty-three feet high. Elaborate frescoes adorn the vaulting. An organ with over seven thousand pipes adorns the west end.

From 1745 to 1792 three great blocks of monastery buildings were erected to the north, enclosing a cloister garth that runs the whole length of the church. A smaller gothic quadrangle remains on the south side, with fine old cloistering.

The wars with the French Republic and with Napoleon put an end to building and ultimately proved fatal to the community, as to all religious orders. Under the joint instigation of Prussia and Napoleon, all church property was confiscated in February, 1803; and in 1806 Weingarten was annexed to the new kingdom of Wuerttemberg. The monks remained at the Abbey till Feb. 28th, 1809, when they were dispersed, and chalices, monstrances, etc., were taken to Stuttgart and disappeared. The solid gold Reliquary for the Precious Blood was not spared, being replaced by a copper-gilt facsimile. The library, with its hundreds of MSS. and thousands of early prints, had suffered much since 1803; and MSS. and archives were taken to Stuttgart in 1812. Other MSS. wandered to Fulda, Paris, etc., some finding their way to England; e. g., to Lord Leicester's

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Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

— No, the new issue of air-mail stamps is not made of fly paper.

— With the many reports of flivver airplanes, one exchange expresses the hope of a pocket airplane for crossing busy streets.

— Another paper urges the manufacture of spare parts for pedestrians.

— Several months past it was the fashion to predict the end of the present oil supplies. Recently price experts have been busy figuring the surplus supplies on hand, as seen in the fall in price of gasoline.

— It is estimated that there are about one million opium addicts or 'dope fiends' in the United States. One of the many facts is that a great number of the unfortunates started unconsciously through doctor's prescriptions. A campaign of education is suggested as a remedy. But, after all, will-power and grace still remain as the best means of cure.

— Making hay while the rain pours is the promise of a new drying plant. The green hay is cut by an ensilage cutter into small lengths, and then dried by being blown through heated pipes and cylinders. The entire process takes about five minutes.

— A mechanical lung for the glass blower has appeared. Pressure on a button controls the amount of air let into the blowing tube.

— An interesting fact is that one celebrated inventor for appliances in a bakery invents only the ideas,—he has some mechanic to do the rest.

— Nothing new under the sun. Some birds have been found with powder puffs! They are the English pigeon and the hawk. Certain small feathers become brittle and crumble into a fine white powder, which the birds use to gloss their feathers.

— Many lessons for the care of small things could be drawn from recent inventions. The new dry cell vacuum tube for wireless reception, known as the thoriated filament, depends upon the coating of the tungsten filament with a covering estimated to be only .00000001 of an inch in thickness. Yet the efficiency of the tube is improved wonderfully.

— The life of the dollar bill averages about nine months. When it is worn out, it is sent to Washington, D. C., where it is destroyed by a special chopping or macerating machine.

— It's old,—but it is a good satire on our craze for standardization. 'Yes, sir, I had six years experience as a mechanic in the Ford works. I screwed on nut 467 all the time.'

— Recent investigations show that exciting moments double the weight of crowds. This is due to such movements as standing up, stamping, swaying, etc. A man on a scale, rising suddenly from a crouching position and bringing his arms down, showed a momentary weight two and one-half times his usual weight.

— In the war against the mosquito, attention is

again being called that the general public must help by either draining stagnant pools of water, or by covering them with a film of oil. Kerosene is the oil in common use, but must be renewed about every ten days during the breeding season.

— A gas mask that will allow the wearer to talk to companions has been invented. It can be used in mines, during fires, in chemical works, etc.

— The question is often asked whether the extended use of the automobile does not make us lazy. One writer says it depends whether we are the pedestrians.

— Night as the best time for radio has long been known. Only recently have extended investigations shown the degree and cause. The average of tests extending over fifty-four days shows the night efficiency to be in general eighteen times more than the day. At no time did the night efficiency rise to the full possibility of theoretical value. The conclusion is reached that daylight simply offers more obstacles for the absorption of the energy radiated.

— Housewives may now expect more beautiful designs in cotton printing. By pressing and rubbing certain portions of the cloth before printing, designs similar to pattern weaving are obtained.

— Movies as teachers find much opposition owing to the eye strain. This strain has been found due to three causes. The first arises from the effort of the eye to follow many moving figures at once. Then there is the strain produced by the repeated off and on of the lights in school room work. Lastly, non-professional projection is apt to be blurred. The eye strains itself in endeavoring to correct this.

— The Great Hall of William Rufus at Westminster in England, noted for its marvelous Gothic ceiling in oak carving, from the fourteenth century, has been saved to posterity. The 'death-watch beetle' had all but riddled the famous roof, leaving it sound only in outward appearance. The plan of repair was to insert cores of steel into the beams. After eight years of patient work, and the use of 270 tons of steel, with some outward patches in oak, the task has come to a successful conclusion.

— The modern circus is becoming a mechanical wonder show. The flivver that bucks, runs on its hind wheels, comes when called, squirts water from the radiator, and seems to blow itself to pieces without damaging itself, requires ingenious mechanical equipment. The big tent, lighted by electricity, and cooled now by special fans throwing breezes in every direction, must be erected within three hours. The thrills of performing live wild beasts, dare-devil acts, all rest on elaborate mechanical equipment. Nearly every man connected with the 'big show' must know something about machinery.

— The recent coast-to-coast mail service by airplane in less than twenty-four hours, from New York to San Francisco, is all the more remarkable from the

fact that it is not a mere 'stunt' but a regular schedule. American aviation now holds the world's records for altitude, speed, distance and sustained flight. Incidentally, in view of this reduction in transportation time, the United States may be said to have shrunk to a township compared with the stage coach days, and to one sixteenth of its size compared with the fast mail trains. Powerful search lights, visible for fifty miles, make night flying practicable for planes.

— Owing to the threatened coal strike, the increased use of electricity generated by water power is of interest. The great problem in this connection is the transmission of high voltages over hundreds of miles. Now that a million volts have been sent experimentally for a short distance, the solution of the problem seems not far distant. Added to this is the still more recent production of 2,000,000 volts capable of sparking a distance of eighteen feet.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

— The K. of C. Convention assembled early in August at Montreal. James A. Flaherty was reelected Supreme Knight of the National Council. Mr. Flaherty has served in the same capacity for fourteen years. During the year 1922-1923 the Knights were increased by 75,793 new members. In Canada, the United States, Cuba, and Mexico there are 2,331 councils.

— The summer schools that were held in numerous institutions from the Atlantic to the Pacific were well attended especially by the Catholic sisterhoods, who have thus an opportunity to teach throughout the year and acquire additional knowledge in the summertime.

— The parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a congregation of colored Catholics at Washington, D. C., gave on the church campus at Congress Heights the "Pageant of the Assumption." The Blessed Virgin was represented by one of the colored women. This reminds us forcibly of the antiphon which occurs in the Office of the Blessed Virgin: *Nigra sum sed formosa*—I am black but beautiful. The pageant, which was written by the pastor, Rev. Franz W. W. Schneeweiss, a convert from Episcopalianism, was attended by several thousand spectators. The cast was made up entirely of parishioners.

— At Lille, France, a young priest, who has just celebrated his first Mass, had five brothers, also priests, assisting him at the altar. Of these six priests two are Jesuits and one is a Benedictine.

— Miss Mary Mattingly, of Little Rock, Ark., the sixth daughter of the late editor of *The Guardian*, Thomas W. Mattingly, to enter the convent, has joined the Sisters of Mercy. Two of her sisters are in the same community with her while the other three are Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky.

— A movement has been set on foot at Washington by a prominent layman, Anthony J. Barrett, to make a visit each day to the Blessed Sacrament in anticipation of the International Eucharistic Congress which will be held at Chicago in 1926.

— On August 8th occurred the forty-ninth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. John Klute, pastor of St. John's Church, Youngstown, Ohio. This coincided with Father Klute's fortieth anniversary as pastor at Youngstown, which was celebrated on the 12th. Six hundred parishioners offered up Holy Communion for the intention of their pastor.

— A National Convention of Benedictine Sisters was held at Lisle, Illinois, from August 7th to 10th. Rev. Mother Aloysia, O. S. B., superior of St. Scholastica Convent, Atchison, Kansas, was reelected president of the various communities of Benedictine Sisters in the United States. At St. Scholastica's a college for women opens its doors this fall for the first time.

— The Sister Servants of Mary, who nurse the sick in their homes, will establish a motherhouse of their order at Kansas City, Kansas. These Sisters came from Spain recently.

— It is 799 years since the city of Antwerp was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin and the mother church of the city was dedicated to the Mother of God. There are no less than 444 statues of Mary set up throughout the city. Next year occurs the eighth centenary.

— St. Mary's Convent, motherhouse and novitiate of the Benedictine Sisters at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, took fire and burned one night recently. The two upper stories of their four-story building were entirely destroyed. The loss is estimated at about \$40,000.

— *The Torch* is a Catholic weekly about to be launched at Dublin.

— The sixth cable across the Atlantic is now being laid by way of Nova Scotia and the Azores to Havre, a distance of 4600 miles. This cable will have a capacity of 1200 words a minute.

— Rt. Rev. Mgr. Ernest M. Windthorst, nephew of the illustrious Dr. Ludwig Windthorst, who organized the Center Party in Germany, died suddenly of apoplexy on August 23rd at St. Francis Hospital, Cincinnati. Mgr. Windthorst was born in Westphalia, Germany, on June 18, 1846.

— While preaching a funeral sermon at Chicago, on August 25th, Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., for fourteen years president of Notre Dame University, was stricken with cerebral congestion. Dr. Cavanaugh who is both a scholar and orator, is well known throughout the United States.

— The Benedictines of Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma, who came originally from France, and belonged to the Cassinese Congregation of the Primitive Observance, have affiliated with the American Cassinese Congregation, of which the Rt. Rev. Ernest Helmsstetter, O. S. B., of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., is President.

Benedictine Chronicle

DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ROME:—His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, in issuing his "Motuo Proprio" of November 22, 1922, feast of St. Cecilia, highly favored the Pontifical Superior School

of Sacred Music of which the artist, Rt. Rev. Abbot Paul Ferretti, O. S. B., is the director. This school was founded by Pius X in 1911. Benedict XV evinced great interest in it and as evidence of his deep interest ordered the school to its larger home, the Apollinaris Palace. Recently Monsignor Bossi, the director of the Academy of St. Cecilia at Rome, inaugurated the large organ donated to the Pontifical Superior School of Sacred Music by two Americans, Mrs. Justine B. Ward and Mrs. Helen C. Robbins.

ENGLAND:—"The Anchoress' Window," by a Nun of Tyburn, is now issued by Herder. Octavo 214 pages. It contains thirteen stories reprinted from various magazines to which they were originally contributed. They are, more or less, connected with monastic and conventual life. The longest is that of the Children's Crusade in 1212. The book is well written and is an acceptable addition to a college library.

FRANCE:—Dom Paul Cagin, O. S. B. (1847-1923), the eminent librarian of Solesmes Abbey, died on April 8th. His was the ideal figure of a monk, a figure carved in the antique, a character of one piece! Deep piety and entire devotedness and assiduity to scientific labor were his distinguished qualities. Dom Cagin's principle research works were especially on the Mass and Eucharist. The Blessed Tomasi and Dom Guéranger were his models of preference. He contributed the entire fifth and sixth volumes of "The Musical Paleography," published at Solesmes in the year 1889, a monumental work on the Ambrosian Liturgy. It is hoped that, in time, the correspondence of this exemplary monk will be published by his abbey. It will prove conclusively that piety and science are much akin. Dom Cagin as librarian of Solesmes, had the reputation of being cognizant of the contents of the 150,000 volumes of his monastery library.

ENGLAND:—Burns and Oates, Ltd., of London, advertise a second edition of the "Pearl of York," a drama in five acts by the Benedictine Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey. The "Manutius" of England has also reissued "The Confessions of St. Augustine," (Sir Tobie Matthew's version), revised and edited by Dom Roger Hudleston, O. S. B., of Downside Abbey.

We have before us "The Plays of Rosintha," translated from the Latin by H. J. W. Tillyard (Faith Press, 1923). The life and works of this remarkable Benedictine Nun of the monastery of Gandersheim (founded 865 by Ludolf, Duke of Saxony) had been translated into German by Von Winterfeld in 1902 and into French by Magnin about the same time. Today Dr. Tillyard presents to English readers the writings of this Benedictine of the twelfth century, renowned for her learning and piety. Her seven plays had a wide reputation; she drew the material and inspiration of her writings from her talented and royal Abbess, Gerberga, daughter of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, who believed that Benedictines should encourage all kinds of sound learning. She once told Roswitha (or better, Hrothswith) "that the more deeply man penetrated into those wondrous laws of number, measure, and weight,

by which the world is governed, the more fervent became his love for the Creator of all." The works of Roswitha were the foundation stones of the theatre in Germany; they won for the nun immediate fame, addressing themselves to far and wide reading public. Her crowning epic: "The Emperor Otto I," has given her a place among the original authorities of German history. From allusions in this poem it is clear that Roswitha was alive after 968 and she may possibly have lived as late as 1002.

Pilgrims to Weingarten Abbey

(Continued from page 180)

library at Holkham Hall, two being Gospel Books (XI Century) and two illuminated missals.*

The older Gothic portion of the building has been occupied by a secular parish priest and assistants ever since; but the great buildings north of the church fared far worse. They were first used as summer residence for the king; in 1825 the abbey became an orphanage, and then from 1868 till 1918 it was used as barracks for an infantry regiment. After the military collapse of Germany the buildings remained mostly untenanted, and then the hundred year's injustice began to be made good. The monks have been led back to their own by kind Providence. Floreat Vinea Domini!

* The two Gospel books are Anglo-Saxon work and were most likely brought from England by Judith, wife of Tosti. The missals are elaborately bound, with figures worked in metal, adorned with jewels and filigree work. The British Museum has two MSS.: Heptateuch, Juvenal.

Perfect Love

ELIZABETH VOSS

Heart of Jesus, friend divine,
That with human traits combine
Love—Companion—dear in name,
Merged in glory, lasting fame;
Gleams thy Heart in love and beauty
An eternal fire be.

Peerless God, whose perfect plan
Earth and heaven's birth foreran.
Infinite one of all that is
As supreme in honor his;
Heart that gave extreme of good
Not a blow for us withstood.

Gentle heart of Jesus burns
For our hearts. He never spurns,
Ever seeks our souls to aim
For his grace, and mercy claim:
Warmer than a blood-red rose
His a love that ever glows.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—October we all love for its golden days and bright autumn tints, and every year we like to repeat those beautiful lines of Helen Hunt Jackson,

O suns, and skies, and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright, blue weather.

Another poet, Jean Ingelow, has written,

Yellow leaves, how fast they flutter—
Woodland hollows thickly strewing,
Where the wan October sunbeams
Scantly in the midday win,
While the dim, gray clouds are drifting,
And in saddened hues imbuing
All without and all within.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich thus speaks of October,
October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

October is regarded by Catholics as the month of the Holy Rosary, and also as the month of the holy Guardian Angel. Angels are God's messengers. They are given us as our guardians, assistants, and directors. We should never forget to invoke our angel guardian each day. It takes but a moment to say,

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide.

Queen of the Rosary

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

Thee as our Queen we greet,
And lay our lowly, loving prayers
Like roses at thy feet.
Would that these blossoms of our souls
Were far more fair and sweet.

Queen of the Joyful Mysteries!

Glad news God's envoy bore,
The Baptist's mother thou didst tend;
Angels thy Babe adore,
Whom with two doves thou ransomest—
Lost, He is found once more.

Queen of the Dolorous Mysteries!

Christ mid the olives bled,
Scourged at the pillar, crowned with thorns,
Beneath His Cross He sped
Up the steep hill; and there once more
Thine arms embraced Him—dead!

Queen of the Glorious Mysteries!

Christ from the tomb has flown,
Has mounted to the highest heaven
And sent His Spirit down;
And soon He raises thee on high
To wear a heavenly crown.

Queen of the Holy Rosary!

We, too, have joys and woes,
May they, like thine, to triumph lead,
May labor earn repose,
And may life's sorrows and life's joys
In heavenly glory close.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Saint Teresa

On the 15th of October occurs the feast of St. Teresa. It has been written of her that she possessed the soul of an angel, the mind of a man, and the heart of a loving and trustful child. She was born in Avila, Spain, March 28, 1515. Her father was a rich man, but he was not worried as to how he could spend his money, for he had nine children. Teresa's parents were pious people who kept their children supplied with good books, and Teresa early formed a taste for good reading and could read well when she was seven years old. She was very fond of her brother Rodrigo and together they read the lives of the saints. These children early formed an idea of eternity, and it seemed very solemn and terrible to them, yet they considered the joyful aspect of life everlasting more than the dreadful side of it. They often thought of the joys of heaven, and it seemed to them that they could not wait to see God. They thought that the sufferings of those who died for Christ would be as nothing compared to the joys they would experience in heaven, and rightly so.

At this time the Christians were being persecuted by the Moors. Teresa and Rodrigo resolved to leave home secretly and travel to the land of the Moors, declare themselves Christians and thus win a martyr's crown.

They started out one morning, but had not gone far when they were met by an uncle.

"Where are you children going all alone at this hour of the day," he asked.

They would not tell a falsehood, and they feared that they would not be allowed to continue their journey if they told, but finally Teresa said, "We are going to the country of the Moors to die for Christ."

"A very good purpose if it were necessary," said the uncle. "But at present it is wiser for you to live for Christ, which you will do if you obey your good father and mother," and taking a hand of each he took them home.

The children cried at not being permitted to follow their desires. When they reached home they found the entire household alarmed.

"Why did you run away?" questioned the mother.

"We wanted to be martyrs and go to heaven all the sooner," answered Teresa.

When their mother scolded them, Rodrigo blamed Teresa who said nothing, thinking that her brother was such a little fellow that he should not be blamed.

They next tried to build a hermitage with piles of stones in the garden, but the stones fell down, and they had to give up this project too.

When Teresa was twelve years old her mother died,

and the little girl's heart was almost broken. She fell upon her knees before a statue of the Blessed Virgin and begged the Blessed Mother to care for her.

At the age of fifteen she began to read novels and romances and, having no one to guide her, she became unduly influenced by them. She began to be vain, fond of dress, and of much company. She was at the age when children are most easily impressed, and what had at one time seemed lovely to her, now seemed dull and tiresome.

Teresa had a cousin who was full of vanity and from her she learned much about fancy gowns, rare perfumes, and hair-dressing, and all that goes to make life one round of pleasure.

Teresa's father saw the effect that this niece was having upon his daughter, and he began to feel alarmed. He made arrangements for Teresa to go to a convent where young ladies were educated, and although she was not pleased, she had to submit.

For a short time she was very unhappy, but before long she began to find pleasure in holy things and to forget the vanities which lately had given her so much pleasure.

Perhaps God permitted Teresa to pass through this experience that she might later have charity for others who had been tempted like herself.

There was one nun in the convent of whom Teresa was very fond, and she often repeated the words, "Many are called but few are chosen." Teresa had no idea of becoming a nun. Life within the convent walls frightened her.

After she returned home she was not satisfied. She felt that God had called her to be a religious. After a time she entered a Carmelite convent and became a nun when she was in her twentieth year. At one time she was very ill. She prayed with great devotion to St. Joseph and believed that her cure was due to him.

Teresa was very kind, and her charity endeared her to all. She was permitted to see and receive many visitors. She took great pleasure in these visits but after a time she began to feel that this was making her a worldly nun. Once while she was reciting the "Veni Creator" she heard a voice which said, "Teresa, I will not have thee hold converse with men but with angels." After this she quit receiving visitors.

St. Teresa founded sixteen convents of women, besides fourteen convents of men, who followed her reform. Oftentimes she had no money but it was her custom to say that God would provide, and He always did. When she began her convent at Toledo, in Spain, she had only five ducats in her purse. She said, "Teresa and this money are indeed nothing, but God, Teresa, and these ducats will suffice for the accomplishment of the undertaking."

During her life of nearly seventy years she endured suffering, sickness, opposition, and persecution. She always cherished the desire for death in order that she might enjoy Heaven.

Near the end of her life she expressed her longing in the following lines which taken from her biography.

"Let me to Thy bosom fly,
Let me slumber on thy breast,
Let me close mine eyes in death,
Pathway to eternal rest!
Through the shadows o'er me cast,
Through the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
Climb to all eternity.

"Note by note, its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round,
In Thy kingdom without end;
Nor impatient shall I be,

Though I lift my voice and cry,
Now at length the hour is come,
Let me die, Lord, let me die!

"Miserere! I have sinned,
But a sorrowing, contrite heart
Never didst Thou, Lord, despise.
Cleanse, O cleanse ere I depart
Every thought and word of mine,
Every tear and every sigh.
Tell me that the hour is here,
Let me die, Lord, let me die!"

St. Teresa was buried at Alba, where in 1856, her body was found incorrupt. Many miracles have been wrought through her intercession, and her relics have been the means by which wonderful cures have been performed.

When the Nuts Fall

Jack Frost with his colors was busy last night
In tinting the woods by the moon's waning light;
He cracked the hard shells and the crisp autumn breeze
Is shaking the nuts from the old hick'ry trees—
Get your sack.

The squirrels are busy in gath'ring their store,
For winter is nigh when they'll gambol no more,
But sleep in their nests in the treetops on high,
Or eat of the nuts that they've snugly put by—
Hear them crack!

Oh, this is the happiest time of the year
For all of us boys to whom Nature is dear;
We seek for her treasures with covetous eyes,
And shout as we bring home the nuts that we prize—
On our back. P. K.

Our Guardian Angel

While it is not an article of faith that each individual soul has a Guardian Angel, it is as St. Jerome expressed it, the "mind of the Church." He comments: "How great the dignity of the soul since each one of us has from birth an angel commissioned to guard it." The Babylonians and Assyrians believed in Angel Guardians, as monuments testify. In the British Museum there was a figure of a Guardian Angel, which once decorated the Assyrian palace. This doctrine is clearly discernible in Holy Scripture. We read in Genesis that Angels not only acted as the executors of God's wrath, but that they delivered hosts of Israel. We also mark that God promised to Moses, "My angel shall go before Thee." The story of Tobias is like a commentary on the words of the Psalmist: "For He hath given His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways."

The Old Testament while giving mention to angels that had special missions from Almighty God does not contain a special teaching on the doctrine. In the New Testament we find Christ Himself set His Divine approval upon the teachings of the Old Testament. "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father Who is in heaven." From these words we may conclude that little children have Guardian Angels, and that these angels while performing their mission on earth do not lose the vision of God.

Send Your Guardian Angel to Holy Mass

On those mornings on which you cannot attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass kneel down, or at least pause long enough to ask your holy Guardian Angel to go to Mass for you. This was the pious practice of the saints and other holy persons. The following beautiful

poem, which is signed M. L. O., we take from the September number of *Tabernacle and Purgatory*, an excellent magazine published by the Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration at Clyde, Missouri.

Oh holy angel at my side,
Go to the church for me,
Kneel in my place at Holy Mass
Where I desire to be.

At Offertory, in my stead,
Take all I am and own
And place it as a sacrifice
Upon the altar throne.

At holy Consecration's bell,
Adore with seraph's love
My Jesus hidden in the Host,
Come down from heav'n above.

Then pray for those I dearly love,
And those who cause me grief,
That Jesus' Blood may cleanse all hearts,
And suffering souls relieve.

And when the priest Communion takes,
Oh bring my Lord to me,
That His Sweet Heart may rest on mine
And I His temple be.

Pray that this Sacrifice Divine
May mankind's sins efface;
Then bring me Jesus' blessing home—
The pledge of every grace.

Letter Box

The editor is sorry to announce that there were only two contributions for the October Letter Box. Vacation must, indeed, have been taking up the time of the junior readers. The Letter Contest announced in the September issue will, we hope, help to create in the juniors a desire to write, and to write well. Be sure to get your letter in before October 25 for the December issue. If you forget any of the rules you must not feel bad if your letter reaches the wastebasket.

LETTER CONTEST RULES

Write in ink, or use typewriter if possible.
Use one side only of the paper.
Leave a margin of three inches at top of first page.
Leave margin at each side of page.
Sign your name and address at the right, and your age and grade at the left.

As prize for the best letter of the month we shall give a certificate together with a print of one of Abbey's beautiful paintings, of which there are fifteen, representing scenes from the legend of the "Holy Grail." Both the certificate and the print are suitable for framing.

But one prize will be given each month.

Letters must reach the editor of the "Corner" by the 25th of October for the December Grail.

Subject for December, "My Happiest Christmas."

Subject for January, "My New Year Resolution."

Address all letters to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.

Alhambra California, Aug. 23, 1923.

Hello Everybody!

Here is someone speaking from Sunny California—the land of riches and romances. I have read the Grail for over a year and enjoy it immensely, especially the "Corner." Although I have noticed several letters from the "Golden State," I also decided to write, for it

seems as though most of the Cornerites live in the East.

In California are located the historic old missions founded by Father Junipero Serra. I have been through the San Juan Capistrano and the San Gabriel missions several times, and never tire of examining the many strange things made by the Indians.

The Mission Play, which is given in San Gabriel every year, no tourist should miss. It is the story of the founding and the ruining of the missions. Although I have seen the play five times I never fail to enjoy every minute of it.

I live in Alhambra, a city located about ten miles from Los Angeles and about twenty-five miles from the Pacific Ocean.

The winter resorts at the bathing beaches in the southern part of this great state are a source of great attraction for hundreds of tourists all over the United States. One may bathe in the warm waters of the Pacific, in the early part of the day, and a few hours later be seen playing in the snow on the high peaks of the Sierra Nevadas.

This state boasts of the highest mountain peak in the United States—Mt. Whitney.

In the northern part of the state are the big trees, some of which are said to have been five thousand years old when Columbus discovered America. One Giant Sequoia in particular, General Sherman, is 280 feet tall, and 36½ feet around.

The principal products of the "Golden State" are fruits, minerals, timber, oil, and nuts. It produces 80% of all the oranges in the United States.

As Hollywood, in Los Angeles, is the center of the world's motion picture industry, many of the people here have seen practically all of the motion picture stars.

There are many beautiful Catholic churches and schools in Los Angeles. St. Vibriana's, the cathedral, I have heard, is the only church in the United States which contains a body of a saint.

As my letter is getting much longer than I intended it to be, will close and give some one else a chance to take the floor.

Wishing the Grail, Aunt Agnes, and the Cornerites the best of luck and happiness, and hoping that God will bless them all, I am,
Elizabeth Legar.

P. S. Here are some jokes that I think are good:

A boy fell into a pond and when a man, who was passing, pulled him out, he said to the boy: "Well, son, how did you come to fall in the lake?"

"I didn't come to fall in at all," replied the boy with some heat, "I came to fish."

Mistress.—"But, cook, I can't afford to raise your wages at the present time."

Angry cook (putting an egg into the coffeepot).—"That settles it."

"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" asked a little lad of his father.

"But, my boy," answered the father, "I am afraid you will disturb me very much with it."

"Oh, no, I won't, papa," promised the little fellow, "I'll only play it when you're asleep."

Marian Smith, of 1922 Union Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. is fourteen years old. She writes that she reads the "Corner" and likes it very much. It is her desire to correspond with other girls in the United States.

A Story in Signs

Mark Fenn—ed home from school one day,
Eager to join his friends at play.

(The playground was quite close at h& And ft. ball was the game they planned.) But as he threw his satchel down, Old Doctor Fenn, with warning frown, Said to him, "Not so fast, my son. Your play must wt. till work is done. Go mow the lawn and rake it, too." Mark groaned, "What will the fellows do? I'm qr.back. They can't go on Till I am there." "No more, my son. You're not to step outside the gate, Although boys by the cwt. Unless you long for punishment." And so to work young Fenn was &. Across the street he heard the noise Of the impatient crowd of boys. Divided by the whole wide road Were they, who played, from Mark, who mowed. But he could hear them, now and then, Shout, "Fenn, come on! Oh, come on, Fenn!" You must admit that it was hard. The hrs. seemed yrs.; a jail the yd. But he had nearly finished when A new shout rose: "Hi there, -! See, there's a fire!" Then not a min. Could that small yd. keep him within it. He heard the horses' flying ft. Come fling down the neighboring street. He saw the engine's great wheels roll on; And as the fireman shoveled : , Black smoke poured out with many a spark— 'Twas quite too much for eager Mark. And with a doz. boys and men, Behind the engine ran Mark Fenn. A mi. he ran; an hr. he stayed; With other boys the hose he played; Till, drenched with water, grimed with smoke, His memory within him woke His work undone! His father's threat! Quickly his face was homeward set. But 'twas too late, for even then Up came his father, Doctor Fenn, And thus began to ? : "What does this mean? 'Tis nearly dark, And here I find you, sir, a mi. From home! How dare you, boy?" And while Mark stammered an excuse disjointed, He, with an ! ed (And really I don't wonder) @ Mark's ruined coat and shoes and hat. Sternly he seized the boy's h& To lead him home. "I understand," He grimly said, "to spare the rd. Even at this late . . May spoil the child. You well may hark To such an apt " . To bed without his sup%, Oh, loudly then did Mark lament. And many times I've heard him say That he determined, from that day, Never again to disobey.

Maud King Murphy.

For Young Historians

Who said:
 "These are the times that try men's souls!" (Thomas Paine.)
 "To be prepared for war is one of the effectual means of preserving peace!" (George Washington.)
 "We have met the enemy, and they are ours!" (Oliver H. Perry.)
 "Don't give up the ship!" (James Lawrence.)
 "There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" (Bee.)

"With malice toward none, with charity for all!" (Abraham Lincoln.)

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" (U. S. Grant.)

"I was born an American, and I shall die an American!" (Daniel Webster.)

"I'd rather be right than be president of the United States!" (Henry Clay.)

"I'll try, sir!" (Colonel Miller.)

"I am not worth the purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britian is not rich enough to purchase me!" (Joseph Reed.)

"We must beat the Redcoats today or Molly Stark is a widow!" (Captain Stark.)

Exchange Smiles

Voice from above—Oh, mummie, come here quickly! Mother—What's the matter Dorothy?

Voice from above—Bobby's playing circus, and he's going to make baby dive off the mantelpiece into the footbath.

The class was all attention.

"Now Johnny Smith, what is a quadruped?" asked the teacher.

"A quadruped is anything with four legs."

"Yes. Now give me an example."

"An elephant."

"Now, can you tell me of any feathered quadruped?"

"Yes, sir. A-er feather bed."

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful repetition on the parts played by carbohydrates, proteids and fats in the building up and maintaining of the human body.

At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them:

"Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

There was silence until one maiden held up her hand and replied:

"Yes, teacher! Yer breakfast, yer dinner and yer supper."

A small negro boy went to a physician to be treated for a painful sensation in one of his ears. The doctor examined and found the ear was full of water.

"How did it this happen?" he asked after he had drained the ear; "been going in swimming?"

"Naw, suh," said the little fellow, "been eatin' water-melon!"

A boy looking for something to do saw the sign "Boy wanted" hanging outside of a store in New York. He picked up the sign and entered the store.

The proprietor met him. "What did you bring that sign in here for?" asked the storekeeper.

"You won't need it any more," said the boy cheerfully. "I'm going to take the job."

Mother: "Jimmy, you stop pulling baby's toes! You'll pull them out."

Jimmy: "No, I won't mother. They've got nails in them."

Bright Answers from Catechism Class

If God is everywhere, why do we say He is in Heaven?

Because He has His headquarters up there.

Is He in hell too? Yes.

What does He do there?
He keeps those fellows from getting away.

How many wives may a man have?
Only one.
Why?
So as to leave some for other men.

A kindly looking old gentleman was stopped by a very little girl carrying a parcel.
"Please, sir," she said politely, "is this the second turning to the left?"

"The prayer of him that humbleth himself shall pierce the clouds."

"The mercy of God is beautiful in the time of affliction, as a cloud of rain, in the time of drought.—Eccl. 35:26.

Abbey and Seminary

— As the forms of the October number of THE GRAIL close before the opening of the fall term of school, there is little to report except that a very large number of students is anticipated in both college and seminary. The Reverend Professors are returning by degrees from their various posts during the summer.—The grand entrance to the new seminary has been completed in plenty of time to welcome the arrival of the philosophers and the theologians.—Henceforward the seminarians will patronize their own supply store. Father Ignatius will be in charge of "Ye Scholar Shoppe," which has quarters in the new building. Heretofore the College Book Store supplied some of the needs of both departments. There will be no competition between the two stores.

— Rev. Edmund Frey, from the Cisterian Abbey at Mehrerau, in Austria, who came over from Europe last March to substitute for Rt. Rev. Mgr. F. A. Roell, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Indiana, while the latter was in Europe, spent August 17th and 18th with us. On Sept. 9, shortly before his return to Mehrerau, Father Edmund celebrated at Richmond the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

— On August 21st and 22nd the clerics of the Abbey were the guests of Father Bernard, rector of Jasper College. It is needless to report that they had an enjoyable outing.

— The help employed by the Abbey Press was likewise on pleasure bent on August 22nd when they had their annual outing in the neighborhood of Ferdinand. A day or two off in summer makes the rest of the year pass more pleasantly.

— To the joy of the community the Rt. Rev. Abbot, who had been absent for some time because of illness, returned on August 22. While Father Abbot has not yet entirely recovered, his health is greatly improved. We hope and pray that he may soon be completely restored to good health.

— Constantine Benkert and little son, of Louisville, Ky., were here for a visit in August. Mr. Benkert,

who is a nephew of Father Abbot and a brother of Father Boniface and Brother Innocent, was taking an enforced vacation, due to the breaking of his forearm.

— The Brothers of the community partook of the hospitality of Father Basil, pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Jasper, on August 29th. In years gone by it required five hours to make the trip by team. Now the automobile divides the former time of transportation by five.

— Rev. Timothy O'Donaghue, class of '78, who had been in poor health for some years past, died at St. Francis Xavier Church, the old cathedral, at Vincennes, on Sept. 2. Father "Tim" was a brother of Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, Bishop of Louisville. Five sisters, of whom two were Sisters of Providence and three were Benedictines, have long since gone to receive the hundredfold promised by Christ to those who should follow Him.

— Sunday, Sept. 2, was the thirty-sixth anniversary of the fire that destroyed our abbey, seminary, and college. According to custom the Blessed Sacrament remained exposed from Lauds until after High Mass. The *Miserere* and the prayer of St. Augustine, "Ante oculos tuos, Domine," etc., preceded the *Tantum Ergo* and Benediction.

— How is the new highway progressing! Quite satisfactorily indeed. Hauling gravel for the surface at the rate of seventy truck loads per day is not bad at all. At the time of writing seven or eight days of good weather will see the road covered with 8 inches of gravel all the way to the bridge across the Black Hawk, the stream that flows between the town and Monte Casino. The section of road from the Black Hawk to the Perry County line, known as Section A of Highway 42, is now under construction, as is also Section D—from Leavenworth west. The contractors on Sections B and C have orders to begin the work of construction.

— Rev. Joseph Honnigford, class of '13, enters the Catholic University at Washington this fall to take up canon law. For several years past Father Honnigford was an instructor at the Sisters of Providence College at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. Rev. Joseph Kempf, class of '18, is his successor at St. Mary-of-the-Woods.

— Mrs. Adolph James Esser, of New York City, sister-in-law of Father Ignatius, who has been spending the summer in Indiana, was a visitor at the Abbey early in September. Adolph was a student at the college in the year '10-'11.

— Mr. John Hoffman, of Vincennes, came on September 6th for a visit with his son Father Meinrad.

— At five o'clock Mass on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Sept. 8, Carl Knapp, Benedict Huff, Robert Palmer, and John Basso were clothed with the habit of St. Benedict and began their year's novitiate. At the Conventual Solemn High Mass on the same auspicious occasion the clerical novices Gabriel (Robert) Verkamp and Theodore (Henry) Heck pronounced their first vows. The birthday of Our Blessed Mother is a happy day on which to be born anew by the religious profession. *Ad multos annos!*

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To continue the work of publishing THE GRAIL it has become absolutely necessary to provide a new and properly arranged building. Since the proceeds of our printing office are devoted to the support of poor students preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We, therefore, offer our friends and benefactors the unique opportunity of erecting a Catholic Printing Office—a monument to Religion and Truth, a battlement of defense against falsehood and error. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged and a little token of appreciation sent to each donor. Address

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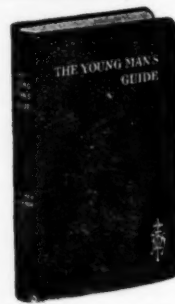
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